TIRES ACCESSORIES AUTOMOBILES TRUCKS GARAGES

PENNSYLVANIA ACE TIRES

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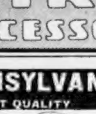

Brand New HEAVY DUTY 13 PLATE ROYAL BATTERY $3.89 With Your Old Battery

Size	Sale Price
29x4.50	$7.95
29x4.50	8.55
29x4.75	8.85
29x4.50	8.95
28x4.75	8.95
30x4.50	8.95
31x4.50	8.85
31x5.00	8.90
32x4.50	8.95
30x5.00	8.75
30x5.25	8.60
31x5.25	8.75
29x5.50	8.90
30x5.50	8.75
30x6.00	8.75
31x6.00	8.85
32x6.00	8.85
29x6.00	8.90

Free Tire & Battery Service

100% Pure Paraffin MOTOR OIL $1.95 A 5-GAL. SEALED CAN Less than 10c per qt.

Mail Orders Filled Tel. Asp. 2447

Field's INC.

Store Hours 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Sat. 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.

1030 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON

DODGE

Used Car Department

$AVE PLENTY

Beginning Monday and while they last, we are offering one tire stock of late model cars at the lowest prices in our history.

1930 Dodge Sedan	$395
1930 Dodge 8 Sedan	495
1930 Dodge 8 Roadster	425
1929 Plymouth Sedan	225
1931 Ford Tudor	295
1931 Ford Sport Coupe	295
1930 Ford Sport Roadster	225
1930 Buick 28-40 5-Pass. Cpe.	595
1930 Studebaker Sedan	395
1926 Auburn Phaeton Sedan	335
1928 Auburn Town Sedan	295
1930 Oakland Coach	495
1928 Dodge Sedan	145
1927 Dodge Sedan	110
1927 Buick Sedan	135

EASY TERMS

Many Others—$50 to $350

MASSACHUSETTS MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Dodge, Plymouth Distributors

989 COMMONWEALTH AVE. OPEN EVENINGS STA dium 3500

NASH

Always—

—An almost unlimited assortment to choose from.

—Popular make, honest value cars. Appraisals fair for you. Sell on the most convenient terms made to fit your budget.

—Eagerly to supply the car you want in preference to all else.

—Assurance doubly sure all

—Meeting each season with desirable merchandise.

PARTICULARLY RIGHT NOW!

NASH CARS

'31 Standard "8" Convertible Sedan	$695
'31 Standard "8" 5-Pass. Sedan	595
'31 Standard "8" 4-Door Sedan	695
'32 Advanced "8" Sedan, 2 passenger	1795
'31 Advanced "8" Ambassador	1150
'31 Advanced "8" Coupe, 5 passenger	1175
'31 Special "8" 4-Door Sedan	900
'31 Special "8" Convertible Coupe	995
'30 Special "8" Sport Coupe	650
'30 Special "8" 4-Door Sedan	525

MISCELLANEOUS

'30 Buick 46 Bus. Cpe. $650	'29 Marmon 78 Vict. $475
'30 Buick 57 Sedan... 750	'24 Chrysler Sedan... 60
'28 Cadillac 7-P. Sed... 350	'27 Packard 7-P. Sed. 325
'30 Chevrolet Coupe... 350	'29 Packard 5-P. Sed. 375
'29 Chevrolet Coach... 195	'28 Paige Sedan... 200
'28 Chevrolet Coach... 95	'29 Plymouth Cabr... 295
'30 Chrysler Sedan... 750	'30 Plymouth Sedan... 275
'30 Graham Sedan... 350	'27 Lincoln Sedan... 495
'28 Graham Sedan... 250	'30 Studeb. 5 Comm... 695
'28 Hupmobile Sedan... 195	'30 Studeb. 7-P. Sed... 775
'31 Willys Sedan... 425	'28 Studeb. Com. Sed... 195

Top Value for Your Car—Easy Terms

NASH NEW ENGLAND COMPANY 630 Used Car Dept. Commonwealth Ave. KEN more 1403-1404-1405—Open Evenings

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER SERVICE

THIS IS THE TYPE OF CAR to save you money . . . to give you complete satisfaction!

Each car carries the C. F. Fay guarantee of satisfaction. Easy Payments made to fit your budget.

ON SALE BEGINNING MONDAY

1929 Ford Roadster	$135
1930 Chevrolet Sport Roadster. Rumble seat model with the latest Ford sedan combination blue finish with cream wheels, accessory wrapper.	$232
1930 Chevrolet Sport Roadster. An odd price. An unusual fine car, sentence is going to see it quick at this figure.	$232
1929 Willys-Knight Roadster. Where you get a real ride and save a lot of money. Just the thing for the family.	$197
1931 Ford Sport Roadster. Exactly equal to brand new; only little if any used. Priced to sell.	$297
1931 Ford Tudor. Even if you were willing to pay $100 more this one year old car is not a big bargain.	$316
1930 Essex Rumble Seat Coupe. Full of zip and rarin' to go; sporty, stylish and economical.	$277
1930 Essex Town Sedan. A snappy sedan with trunk, tires mounted on sides and every extra. Not a big bargain but a big car.	$321
1929 Graham Paige 629 Victoria. Here is a beautiful Victoria model with protecting rear window. Has a wonderful motor, with wire wheels, and is kept like a watch.	$332
1929 Hupmobile "8" Coupe. Has a good rugged car; great for salesman or professional.	$189
1929 Oakland Sedan. A 4 door, trim, powerful motor; extra good condition; great for one family.	$267
1929 Chrysler "65" Roadster. All the snap, smartness, style and fine car could give right here in this Chrysler "65" Roadster.	$377
1929 Studebaker Pres. 8. Roadster; smart, stylish, roomy and luxurious; this low price does not fit this car for its quality.	$347
1929 Nash Special 6 Roadster. Popular "last right" style of car and selling elsewhere at $75 more; very late delivery; still "new".	$302

Many Others Equally as Good

C. E. FAY COMPANY

Chrysler and Plymouth Distributors

750 Commonwealth Ave. ASPinwall 4812. Open Eves.

No cast iron or inferior materials used.

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BY ERNST FLENTJE

Equip Your Old or New Cars With My Hydraulic Double Acting Rotary

De Luxe Shock Absorbers

Sensational Price Reduction

No Oil Leak One Pump Good for 50,000 Miles

Credit Arrangements

Small Giant Type—Now $30 Plus $6 for Attaching, Formerly $70.00

Largest Model—Now $50 Plus $5 for Attaching, Formerly $120.00

30 Days' Free Trial—5 Years' Guarantee

ESTABLISHED 1906

My aim always has been Quality and the Best "ASK THE USERS"

I emphasize with

$5,000.00

Eliminate 95% danger of skidding, loss of control,

200% Increased COMFORT

The family picture above illustrates the comfort and ease Flentje Shock Absorbers give you in riding. You get the same comfort front and rear. **Automatically cures all riding ills,** positively simpler and better than any dash-controlled shock absorber. All the above statements I back up with

$5,000.00

Free adjustment for one year. My shock absorbers are custom made. Sixteen patents have been granted me.

ERNST FLENTJE

Factory and Main Office 1643 CAMBRIDGE STREET CAMBRIDGE, MASS. Tel. University 0950

Brooklyn Sales Agency, 1807 ATLANTIC AVENUE Cor. RALPH AVENUE Tel. Haddingway 3-2373

1932 International

1½-Ton Trailer

With 16-foot racks, in fine shape, like new, all around, ready to haul both ways. Proven labor saver. Guaranteed. Terms $100 down, balance monthly.

International Harvester Co. 61 North Beacon St., Boston STA dium 1802

FOR UNPAID NOTES

NOT 1c DOWN

TO MARRIED FOLKS ONLY

620 PLEASURE CARS, including coupes, roadsters and sedans, touring cars and sport phaetons; not 1c down and 20 months to pay; also 75 trucks for sale, all body styles. Apply Mrs. MINER'S, TRAFT, Agent, 281 Mystic Av., Somerville, near the Ford Plant, or call Prospect 0044 or 0045.

CASH FOR YOUR CARS OR TRUCKS—281 Mystic Ave., Somerville. PROspect 0045

MEDFORD 1929 Sedan, 5-pass., very cozy; liberal terms. $375. Stadium 2817 or Aspinwall 6805.

Free Wheeling 1931 Studebaker 6 family sedan; has had 4 full months' trivial coverage; covered; trivial coverage; covered; with original, midnight blue, white striping, black fenders almost new; navy dermeers, arrayed, sold for unpaid balance due; glad to take small car in trade at liberal allowance; open evenings. 528 Commonwealth Ave., Kenmore 3910.

MONEY TO LOAN

NEED MONEY?

A COMPLETE FINANCE SERVICE FOR NEW ENGLANDERS!

This is what you get—cash within 24 hours. Small monthly payments. Friendly and courteous treatment. Deal with the office nearest your home.

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EVERETT OFFICE
477 BROADWAY, Howard Bldg. 2nd Floor. License 197. Eve. 6 to 8

BROCKTON OFFICE
196 MAIN ST., Olympia Bldg., 2nd Floor License 132

MALDEN OFFICE
110 PLEASANT ST., Rotary Bldg. 2nd Floor. License 3472

MEDFORD OFFICE
11 RIVERSIDE AVE., Central Bldg. 2nd Floor. License 106. Mystic 1050

BROOKLINE OFFICE
206 HARVARD ST., Coolidge Cor. Bldg. Cor. Beacon St., License 166. Asp. 8051

NEWTON OFFICE
213 WASHINGTON ST., Lasell's Bldg. 2nd Fl. License 261. Newton No. 5187

2 CAMBRIDGE OFFICES
621 MASS. AVE., Corcoran Bldg. License 167 Uni. 7

QUINCY OFFICE
555 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., Pearl St. at Central Sq. License 51. Porter 2870

SHELBURNE OFFICE
445 BROADWAY, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., License 183. Chel. 2166

WALTHAM OFFICE
371 MOODY ST., Room 104, 2nd Floor License 215. Wal. 1000

DORCHESTER OFFICE
761 DUDLEY ST., Fuller Corner 2ndFloor. License 66. Columbia 5213

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618 MAIN ST., Woburn 1416 License 295.

INDUSTRIAL BANKERS, Inc.

INTERNATIONAL

'31 1½-Ton Cab & Chassis

Will take 31-foot body. Used less than 5000 miles. 32x6 dual tires. Terms $150 down, balance monthly.

International Harvester Co. 61 North Beacon St., Boston STA dium 1802

TODAY'S BEST BUYS

'32 Plymouth Conv. Coupe	$510
'32 Plymouth Coupe	480
'31 Chevrolet Conv. Coupe In Lots	465
'31 Ford Victoria Coupe	345
'31 Ford Tudor, like new	345
'30 Ford Roadster, like new	345
'30 Studebaker Victoria Club Sedan	495
'30 Hudson Coach, Roadster, new tires	310
'29 Hudson Victoria Coach	295
'28 Hudson 7-P. Sedan De Luxe	175
'28 Auburn 6-Cyl. Coupe	110
Auburn Conv. Sedan, Model 115	395
'28 Speedster	195
'26 Hudson Coach, good	45
'26 Ford Coupe, good	50

FINANCE CO., 120 BRIGHTON AVE. Near Harvard Ave. ALg. 9847

1000 CARS AND TRUCKS $25 TO $500

OPEN AIR SALES, 1097-99 ROAD ST., LYNN JACKSON 3620

NASH USED CAR DEPT.

Open Evenings

WE PAY CASH

'29 FORD 5-PASS $325 EASY TERMS

910 Commonwealth Ave. ASP. 4800

'29 FORD 5-PASS $325 EASY TERMS

1019 Comm. Ave. Nr. Mass. Pike TR 0100

'28 CHEVROLET coupes and coaches, $200 to $250. Stanley Barlow Chevrolet Corp., 360 Main St., Charlestown 0067.

CHEVROLET COACH, 1927, runs perfect, $75 cash. 118 ours 3630. Open Eves.

1926 PACKARD SPORT ROADSTER Three new tires; new mechanically good. Will sell for $125. Needham 1233-J.

WHOLESALE AT THE WAREHOUSE

SEEN TODAY

'31 Chevrolet Coupe	$325
'30 Chevrolet Sedan	295
'30 Chevrolet Coach	295
'30 Ford Coupe	235
'30 Du Pont Sedan	795
'30 Pontiac Coach	595
'30 Graham Sedan	595
'29 Ford Pickup Truck	145
'29 Ford Phaeton	95
'29 Ford Sport Rdst.	89
'29 Pontiac Phaeton	195
'28 Chrysler Coupe	99
'27 Dodge Sedan	95
'27 Chevrolet Sedan	85
'26 Ford Coupe	65

100 Others. See These Cars and You Don't Help Buying! Such Bargains!!

WAREHOUSE 272 WASH. ST., BRIGHTON Always Open — ALg. 9847

PACKARD SACRIFICE

PACKARD custom de luxe roadster; ironed, chauffeur driven, only six months old; 8000 miles; in best of condition; seats upholstered in finest quality zebra hide leather; cost $4800 new; must sacrifice. Phone any morning except Sunday, 10 to 11. Waltham 0525.

CARS WANTED

HIGHEST PRICES PAID DRIVE IN — GET YOUR CASH FINANCE CO., 120 BRIGHTON AVE. Near Harvard Ave. ALg. 9847

'31 FORD TUDOR $325

GROVE HALL CHEVROLET CO. 460 Blue Hill Ave., Roxbury; High. 6100

Ask Joe Grant for a good car. Plenty of cars. Price, $195—$775—up

GROVE HALL CHEVROLET CO. 460 Blue Hill Ave., Roxbury; High. 6100

Ask Joseph Grant for a good car. Plenty of cars. $195—$775—up

1928 HENLEY KIMBALL CO. 850 Beacon St. Open Eves. Kro. 4810

'29 CHEVROLET COUPE $88

Dr. Lace engraved, very spotty car. $118 owes 3630. Open Eves.

$395

HUDSON—ESSEX

In every circle you'll hear this remark made

MONDAY SPECIAL!

Late 1931 ESSEX COUPE $675

De Luxe Model. Special upholstery, color, etc.; original price $958—has never been driven—bought for a used car price. Fully guaranteed.

SOLD WITH OUR "MONEY BACK GUARANTEE"

Drive this car 7 DAYS—if it does not give you 100% satisfaction financially we will refund your money.

'29 Roosevelt Sedan	$210
'31 Cadillac Convertible Coupe	1095
'29 Essex Chall. Coach	225
'28 Hudson Phaeton	225
'28 Essex Coach	175
'28 Oakland Coach	175
'29 Hudson Stand. Sedan	375
'30 Essex Conv. Coupe	395

Shop here after hours Open every evening Sunday 9

The HENLEY-KIMBALL CO. 850 Beacon Street At Kenmore Station, Kenmore 4010

HUDSON—ESSEX

I am in the market to handle a low price motor oil. Give me full particulars and phone number.

H. A. TAYLOR 162 Columbus Ave., Boston

Nash SEDAN $100 CENTRAL AUTO SALES, INC. 84 Mass. Ave., Cambridge. Porter 4855.

Agents—Salesmen—Saleswomen

JUST OUT

Latest bulletin of money making specialties. Send for order copy today. Factories Dist. Co., 704 Essex St., Boston.

AGENTS—Ladies' pure silk full fashioned hose 8in wool part fashioned, sensational prices, free outfit—men's, women's hosiery, underwear. Wright Hosiery Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS—Amazing new patented dish towel. Only $5.95 complete! Every woman buys on sight. Also guaranteed full-fashioned silk hosiery. 1845 Broadway, New York.

AMAZING—Hot water instantly with world's first flexible 100 per cent automatic faucet type electric water heater. CAN'T BURN OUT. Sells for $5.95. Commandeon $2.95 seller. Automatic Immersion, $2.25. Lion Co., 1000 Lion Bldg., Schenkel, 215 Fourth Ave., New York.

BIG MONEY STEADY. High grade coffeeails, shoe cream, polish, etc. Large advertising pittered on back. Fast sellers. Great demand during depression. Write FREE outfit. Strong Mfg. Co., 905 W. Jackson, Chicago.

BIG MONEY MAKERS—Prominent—Sell new plan chain merchandising. Outfit free, present conditions. Men making $400 monthly and better. Box 850, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

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CALIFORNIA Perfumed Beads selling like hot cakes; agents coining money; sample free, no; depression prices. Manson Mfg. Co., Factory 34, 2328W Venice Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal.

DISTRICT manager to organize sales force and appointed full-time salesmen; hosiery direct to consumer. Best Value Hosiery Co., 303 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

GOOD income plating auto parts, refrigerators, utensils, chandeliers, etc., by new method; experience unnecessary; free particulars. GUNMETAL CO., 7 Oak Terrace, Ill.

MEN wanted to establish and conduct Rawleigh city business in cities of Boston, Providence, Brookline and Cambridge. Profitable business can start earning $35 weekly immediately; permanent. Write immediately. Rawleigh Co., Dept. MA-11-V, Albany, N. Y.

SALESMEN—Profitable proposition to specialty men; sells fast at 25c; sample free. 7 days on. 17 Lafayette Pl., Rochester, N. Y.

SALESMEN—DISTRIBUTORS — Mail-Pep "puts the pep in mail"; forms mail pull specialty; repeats; 200% commission. National Co., 13315 Kercheval, Detroit, Mich.

SALESMEN—Make $10 weekly. Sell specials, fibre station wagons; our patented non-skid $2.50 wood sheet free sample. Anti Skid, 500 West Newton, Mass.

SALESMEN—Four $15 sales to stores not you $40 daily. Sheets Systems, established 1885, 2801-05 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Agents—Salesmen—Saleswomen

WANTED

WE HAVE several positions open on our sales staff for ambitious men; good opportunities for right party. Schatz Laundry Machinery Co. FEDERAL AUTOMOBILE ASSN., 142-148 Colonial Bldg.

WANTED EXPERIENCED MAN to sell CHEVROLET PARTS

Reference required; state position and salary expected. Write Box B 148, Boston Advertiser.

CREW MANAGER

With team or, what also organize own crew. Local territory. Must have car and references. Specialty. Satisfactory commission basis. Apply 24 Chauncy St., Room 707, Boston.

SALESMEN

Would you like to save money? Then surely your clients will be interested in reducing their bills. Call or write Commission. Write W. T. King, Room 407, 126 Federal St., Boston. Hub 4357 for appointment.

3 SALESMEN

To sell established specialty commission and salary. Phone mornings between 9 and 10. Liberty 3658 for appointment.

SELL 25c TIES BUY FROM MANUFACTURER

Wm. S. Robinson & Co., 87 Essex St., Boston

A MAN WITH CAR WANTED to advertise, give samples and distribute circulars to consumers. Must be reliable and have references. Write Box 1, Boston Advertiser, giving name, address and telephone number, for particulars. ALBERT MILLS 2030 MILLS BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ONE salesman in each town; pleasant, good commissions; anyone can sell "Mosaic" tiles to your friends; no experience needed; write at once. Mosaic Tile Co., Dept. 33, Newark, N. J.

SALESMEN—3 men who have had some experience selling books, stock, or other intangibles can make a profitable connection selling our service to the motorists in Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut. Apply Automobile Association, 78 Federal St., Boston.

Help Wanted—Female

INTELLIGENT, REFINED WOMAN WANTED LOCALLY TO INTRODUCE SIX NEW FEMININE SPECIALTIES. EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. HAVE AIDED MANY WOMEN TO FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE. CAN DO SAME FOR YOU. WRITE IMMEDIATELY. DEPT. 7, GRACE STERLING, 295 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK.

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National organization distributing A health product has opening for competent organizer to travel and appoint direct selling representative court to court. Write full details about your past record to John D. Sibley, Pres., Middlefield, Conn.

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COLLEGE STUDENTS

Undergraduates only, for Summer employment with Hearst Organization; $24 weekly salary; $200 scholarship and transportation expenses paid those who qualify. Phone Capitol 8197 for appointment.

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Cash Advanced. Balances Refinanced. Largest Company. Lower Rates. No ENDORSERS. Immediate. Confidential. Call, Phone or Write. License 379.

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227 PARK SQ. BLDG., HAN. 3915 Open Mon. and Thurs. Till 9 P. M.

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No endorsers or additional security. We also refinance cars and trucks. Quick, quiet, confidential service. License 214. Plenty of parking space.

AUTO OWNERS FINANCE CO., Inc. In the Motor Mart Bldg., Liberty 9230 20 COLUMBUS AVE., Boston

$50 TO $5000 ON FURNITURE

Only husband and wife need sign. Loans under $300 supervised by State. ALSO WITH BANKS

YOUR NOTES CUT ½ ONE HOUR SERVICE 12 Months to Pay On Furniture in Your Possession UNITED AUTO CREDIT CO. 828 Wash. street, Boston 08 STREET FLOOR

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Cash advanced; low rates; quick confidential service. For information call or write HOUSEHOLD FINANCE CORPORATION, Bldg. Phone Lib 5275. License No. 922

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Provide for Every Need the Private Way. Borrow at Lowest Rate on Your Term, Security or Character. Phone, Call or Write

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ROSLINDALE	19 POPLAR STREET 2nd Floor—License 214
HYDE PARK	1543 RIVER STREET Room 15—License 181
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If our all your bills that are worrying you. Loans made on household furniture or your personal note. Prompt, courteous, confidential service.

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AUTO AND FURNITURE LOANS ON YOUR OWN SIGNATURE; COLLATERAL REMAINS IN YOUR POSSESSION

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Auction Sales

HARRY VAN DAM, Auctioneer

19 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS. — TEL. LIBERTY 8218

PUBLIC AUCTION SALE

WITH OUR FORMER LOCATION

HAYMARKET FURNITURE CO.

Wholesalers of Fine Furniture

Purchased from the Underwriters Salvage Co. of New York

Will be sold on WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY, MAY 11-12, at 10:30 A. M. each day, at 19 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

5th, 8th and 9th Floors

A fire occurred in the top floor of the building at 117 Canal St., Boston, in which building Hampshire Furniture Company occupies three of the lower floors. The merchandise to be offered for the Underwriters' Salvage Co. suffered damage.

STOCK CONSISTS OF—Living Room, Bedroom, Dining and Breakfast Room Sets, Colonial Pieces, Governor Winthrop Desks, and Specialties, Mahogany Bookcases, Secretaries, Tables, Cedar Chests, Tea Wagons, Sofa Cabinets, Smokers' Stands, Bridge and Table Lamps, 4-Post Beds, Day Beds, Chippendale Mirrors, Dinette Sets, Bank Cash, Refrigerators, Rugs, Cocoa Mattresses, Bassinet Stands, Mattresses, Springs, Lay Chairs, Juvenile Furniture, Kitchen Cabinets, Telephone Sets, and many other items mostly found in first-class furniture houses. Open for inspection Tuesday, May 10, 1932 from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

TERMS OF SALE—25% deposit required from all bidders, balance to be paid at end of sale. TO BE SOLD IN INDIVIDUAL LOTS TO SUIT

NEW ENGLAND MERCANTILE CORP., LIQUIDATING AGENTS. 19 MILK ST., BOSTON

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MEN ONLY

Just bought out large bankrupt stock of men's clothing and furnishings. Suits, overcoats, tuxedos, $4.95; and $6.95; plenty of blue serges. Pants, all bad cuts; regardless $2.95; suede and vests $2.95; pants $1.45; vests $1.45; all wool trousers $2.45; big assortment. Mail orders filled.

Goldman's Clothing Co.

4 Green St., Boston, next to Waldorf Theatre. Kenmore 9.

MARK DOWN LIQUIDATION SALE Bro. $25-$30-$35 Tuxedos $9.50 2-Pant Suits $12.50 Overcoats $12.50 Open Evenings

ROSENBERG CLOTHING CO. 73 WASHINGTON ST. Open Every Evening Until 9 P. M.

Papering—Painting

PAPERHANGING 25c; ceilings, $.; outside painting; reasonable; anywhere from 7384.

PAPER hanging, including paper, $4.50 room, up. Per 2378, evening 741, 5418.

FOR DEFAULT OF PAYMENT

We Offer the Following Bar-Owner Repossessed Cars in Brand New Condition

'31 Ray Pontiac Sport Coupe, Deluxe, 1000 miles	$1295
'31 Reynolds Town Sedan, Custom, Cost $2500. 4000 miles	1250
'31 Pierce Arrow Brgs., 8000 lb., Deluxe Limousine, Cost $6000	1575
'31 Packard 8 Sedan	1495
'29 Packard 7-Pass. Sedan	795
'28 Lincoln Roadster	495
'30 Model 81 Pontiac Sedan	345
'30 Model 66 Buick Sedan	495
'29 Hudson Coach, 2nd Series	240
'29 Hudson Coach	295
'30 Essex Coach, 2nd Series	345
'30 Cleet 7-Window Sedan	325
'30 Cleet Coupe	295
'30 Ser. Pontiac Coupe	175
'30 Stutz Convertible Coupe	395
'29 Chevrolet Coupe	189
'28 Studebaker Conv. Coach	195
Late Model Coupe, Coupe	195
'29 Ford Coupe, Coupe	195
'30 Dodge Sedan, 7-Pass. Sedan	295

MANY OTHERS

FINANCE OFFICE

437 Stuart St., Boston COM. 8551

2 BUICKS $495 EACH

1928 Buick 5-Pass. Coupe; 1930 Five-Pass. Sedan; will sell separately; perfect; 1931 Buick Ave. at Kenmore.

We pay more than others.

AUTOMOBILES

$150 for any car or truck

Al Grenier 9350 1031-1033 Lomm. Ave.

FORD COUPE, low mod., completely overhauled; $125. South Boston 1065-R.

Autos Wanted

Any car, truck, bus or tractor; any condition; nothing. LIBO COMMONWEALTH AVE. TEL. REGENT 1159

LATE 1930 Ford Tudor, excellent condition, price reasonable. Col. 7232, Gen. 2520.

1928 MARTIER Buick Sport Coupe, runs; one seat. $200. 625 Albany St., Boston.

Agents—Salesmen Saleswomen

STRANGE chemical spongs cleans cars like magic. Banishes auto-washing drudgery. Sells on sight. Agent's OUTFIT FREE. KRISTEE MFG. CO., Dept. 121, Akron, Ohio.

TAILORING SALESMEN amazed! Competitors doomed! Thousands waiting for this dream! Lightweight suits at $7.50. Genuine Sanforized worsteds; guaranteed shrinkproof; sixteen quality features; skills fully tailored in our own modern shops; fit guaranteed. Experience unnecessary. THE AMERICAN CO., Division W-J, Milan, Tennessee.

WANTED—Young men to know that a gift to a lady of jewelry is more appreciated than flowers. Give a watch or ring or something worth giving and pay by the week. See J. E. EDUND & CO., 734 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Phone Hancock 4500. Mail orders filled.

Instruction

BARBERING or beauty culture. Chair, all schools and positions. Learn in the evening. Vaughn's System, 1044 Washington St. Boston

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NOSES CORRECTED ALL TYPES

LATEST FACE LIFT

Dr. Reid's Scientific Face Lift makes your skin fit your face. The only method that really holds up the sag.

Also Irregularities, Wrinkles, Baggy Eyelids, Flabby Throats, Face Lifting, Hair Coloring. Give a watch or ring or something worth giving and pay by the week. See J. EDUND & CO., 734 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Phone Hancock 4500. Mail orders filled.

E. P. REID, M. D. 108 Boylston St. Boston. Kro. 470

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

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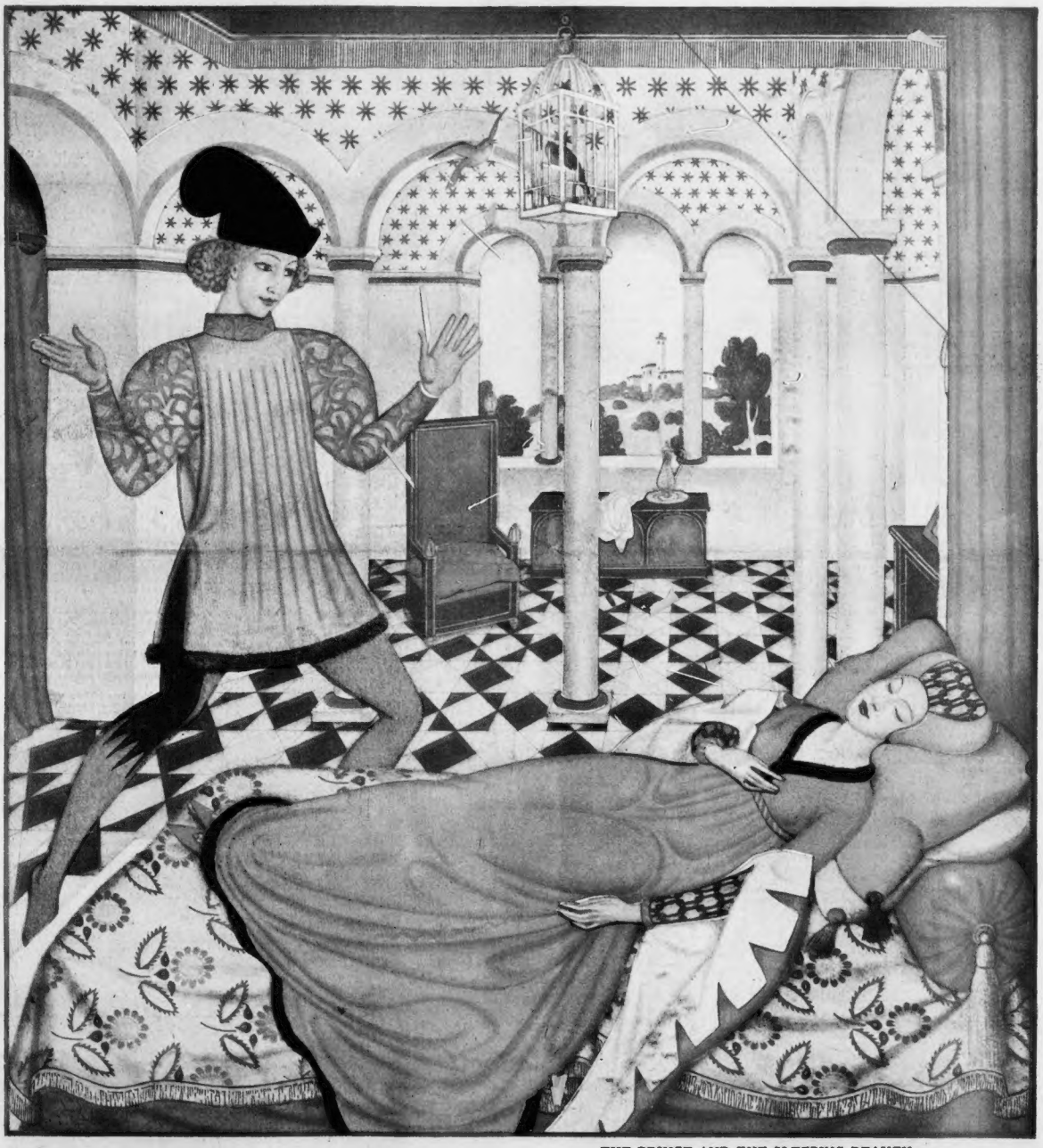
Sunday, May 8, 1932



Enchanting Fairyland Lovers

By the Distinguished English Artist Edmund Dulac

THE PRINCE AND THE SLEEPING BEAUTY —

BRIER ROSE was a Princess, and when she was born the good fairies gave her beauty, amiability, virtue, wisdom and riches. Alas, one bad fairy who hadn't been invited to the christening declared that when she was fifteen she would prick herself with a spindle and die. A stronger fairy said she wouldn't die—only sleep for a hundred years. Sure enough, when she was fifteen the Princess found a spindle, wounded herself and went to sleep. So did her father and everybody and everything in the palace, including the fires. And a gigantic hedge of thorns grew up and hid both palace and grounds. A hundred years passed. A Prince came. He made his way through the thorns. He found the Princess. He kissed her. That kiss not only awakened her but everybody and everything else in the palace, including the fires, and turned the thorns into roses. This is the record on high-powered kisses, and has never since been remotely approached in quantity of calories—not even by the most accomplished "vamps," either male or female.

Gets Divorce, Returns to Wife—Judge Jails Him

Little Opal Pine, the Innocent Victim of the Matrimonial Tangle Into Which Her Parents Were Snared by the Law.

When He Patched Up His Quarrel With His Divorced Wife, Robert Pine, of Plymouth, Kansas, Never Thought of Remarrying Her, but the Judge Ruled That the State Law Had Been Violated and That Pine Must Be Punished. The Photo of Pine Was Taken as He Left Court.

JUDGE GROVER PIERPONT of Wichita, Kansas, peered over the tops of his spectacles to get a better look at the man and woman standing before his particular bar of justice. He remembered them well. They were Robert M. Pine, a farmer with a place in Plymouth, and Laura Crum Pine.

Some weeks before the judge had cut the marital bonds holding these two together and granted the woman a divorce because the man had failed to provide her with the so-called necessities of life, had laid heavy hands upon her and called her harsh names. His honor also remembered he had decided that their daughter, little Opal Lee Pine, was for a time at least, to remain in the custody of Mr. Pine's mother.

The judge had heard what seemed to him preposterous news about the divorced Pines and they were standing there before him, a little sheepish and ill at ease, waiting for him to discuss this news with them.

"What do you mean by going into another court regarding the custody of your daughter?" demanded the judge, bending his stern gaze on the fidgety farmer. "Don't you know that I have sort of patched things up and it won't be necessary for either court to do anything about Opal?"

"My wife and I——"

"What do you mean, your wife?" exclaimed the judge. "You haven't any wife. You and this woman have been divorced. You're not married any more. I suppose that's clear in your mind?"

"But, judge——" stammered the ex-husband.

"Don't 'but' me," shouted the jurist. "Next thing, you'll be telling me that you've changed your mind about being divorced and that you and the woman who was Mrs. Pine are keeping house together again."

"That's right, judge. That's what I'm trying to tell you. We've sort of patched things up, and——"

Judge Pierpont knew what Mr. Pine was trying to tell him. That's why he had summoned him to the court. But he wanted to hear it from the farmer's own lips.

"Have you, or have you not, composed your misunderstanding, if I may call it that, with your divorced wife?" asked the judge.

"Yes," the man replied. "We just wanted to make a home for little Opal, so——"

Further questions drew from Mr. Pine the admission that he and his divorced wife had, by chance, met on the street in Emporia. Strange as it may seem, they discovered that they were glad to see each other again. They talked of their daughter and, before the chat was over, decided to let bygones be bygones. Without a thought of what the law might think about their reunion, they re-established their marital relations which Judge Pierpont, after having heard the story of their troubled domestic life, had seen fit to sever.

"But you know, as well as I know," said the judge, "that you are no longer married. You were strangers, under the law."

He shook an emphatic finger at the discomfited Mr. Pine.

"You," he pronounced, "have defied this court by going into another court about the custody of your child. You have defied me still further by going back with your ex-wife after I divorced you. You are in contempt of court and I sentence you to thirty days in the county jail. That will give you time to think over what you've done."

Mrs. Pine wept as a deputy sheriff let the protesting and gesticulating Mr. Pine from the courtroom. She went home to little Opal believing that the judge really didn't intend to keep her man behind the bars for a whole month. And a lot of other people in Wichita imagined, as she did, that Mr. Pine would be released in a day or two, after a further lecture by the judge.

Mrs. Pine and these other people were wrong, for her spouse, or ex-spouse (whichever way you choose to regard the harassed tiller of the soil), stayed put in a cell for thirty days.

Mrs. Laura Crum Pine, the Wife Whom the Judge Criticized Severely.

Judge Grover Pierpont, of Wichita, Kansas, Who Sent Pine to Jail.

"I suppose," said Judge Pierpont, "that my action in this case will inspire a lot of people to poke fun at me and at Kansas. But, so far as I am concerned, the law, in Kansas, is the law. Divorce ends marriage just as much as a wedding ceremony begins it, and divorced persons who forget to remarry before making up are menaces to law and order."

The unexpected and serio-comic denouement of the drama of the Pines came when Mr. Pine, freed from jail, hastened to the arms of his onetime wife. She, to his surprise and chagrin, had been thinking the whole business over and had decided that perhaps they had better stay divorced and live within the letter, as well as the spirit, of the unyielding law.

Too Poor to Keep Auto, So They Built a "Bike"

FOR many years Thomas Lucas, a resident of Norwood, South Australia, managed, by strict economy, to maintain a small automobile for the convenience of himself and his wife. When the depression hit his country—and it did hit it as hard as it struck Europe and the United States—he had to pare his living expenses. So he sold his little car.

Because they are no longer young, the Lucases found that it was hard for them to get along without some means of transportation. It was some distance from their modest cottage into town and the nearest trolley line was about a mile from their home. They were unable to visit with certain of their old friends, who also lacked the money to own and operate automobiles.

Then Mr. Lucas remembered two bicycles stored in the attic. In their younger days he and his wife had been enthusiastic cyclists. He had these bicycles overhauled and equipped with new tires. He joined them together with a frame of steel tubing and fitted a good-sized box on the back of the four-wheeled "bike." The cost of building this vehicle was about $10.

At first Thomas Lucas and his wife took only short trips on their improvised machine because they were unused to even such mild exercise as pedaling. But they soon "got in condition," as he put it, and now go riding every day that the weather is fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lucas, of Norwood, South Australia, on Their Improvised Double Bicycle Which, Due to the Depression, Has Replaced Their Automobile.

The White Chief Who Ruled Savages

THE old saying that truth is stranger than fiction was demonstrated again a few weeks ago in a soiled, dog-eared letter which came to one Herr Knoog, a retired railroad worker living in Berlin.

This letter, written by a British official stationed on the African Gold Coast, informed Herr Knoog of the death of his son, supposedly lost at sea twenty-nine years ago. It went on to say that the son had just died and that, for many years, he had been the powerful and beloved chief of a cannibalistic African tribe known as the Mutasari.

A year or so before his death, Wilhelm Knoog had been found by the members of a British expedition to central Africa. He ruled over several thousand blacks and was known in that part of the jungle as the White Prince.

Knoog had, naturally enough, forgotten most of the words of his native tongue which he had no occasion to use among the savages who adopted him and made him king. He talked to the Englishmen through an interpreter and related how he was the lone survivor of the wreck of the ship on which he sailed, how he had been washed up on the shore and wandered aimlessly through the jungle for many months, miraculously avoiding death at the hands of natives and the claws of wild beasts.

At last he came to the village of the Mutasari tribesmen, who, never having seen a white man, took him to be a god come to earth to lead them. For a time he served as right-hand man to the old chief. He distinguished himself as a hunter and a warrior and further built himself up as a god by his knowledge of carpentry and boat building. Before the old chief died he invested the German sailor with ruling powers and the tribe readily accepted this edict.

Knoog clinched his unique job by marrying the favorite daughter of the chief and raising several new members of the tribe, who were half Teuton and half African black.

The British explorers, the letter revealed, had tried to induce the White Prince to return to civilization and his native land, but Knoog refused to leave his jungle domain, explaining that he could never adjust himself to the ways of the white man again and that he was happy where he was.

New Baby Airplane That Runs With a Motorcycle Engine

PARIS.

MANY midget planes buzz through the skies of Europe, but none of them is quite as remarkable and interesting as the baby airplane designed and built by M. Henri Mignet, a Frenchman living on the outskirts of the French capital.

This home-made machine, shown in the photographs below and at the right, is only about 12 feet long and has a wing spread of 15 feet. Its power plant is a tiny engine which the builder removed from a second-hand motorcycle. The propeller—which is unusually big for the size of the machine—is not attached directly to the engine's driving shaft, but is turned by a chain connected with the small flywheel.

The baby plane actually is a biplane because its main wing is augmented by a smaller wing fixed to the short fuselage directly ahead of the rudder. But in flight the machine looks and behaves like a tripiane because its big wing is "slotted" so that its rear edge, connected to the main wing by hinges, drops down to form a smaller wing.

This, the inventor explains, prevents the tiny plane from going into a nose dive, or a tail spin, and gives it an unusual degree of stability in the air.

M. Mignet does not keep his little ship at any of the several flying fields in his neighborhood. He houses it in a hangar no larger than that needed for an automobile and uses a small open space near his home to take off and land.

The machine can be parked in its little hangar because the main wing is so made that it can be swung around in a fore-and-aft position, as shown in the photograph in which the owner is towing his plane back home after a flight.

A few days after M. Mignet had made his first successful trial flights in his baby plane he was visited by a well-known manufacturer of airplanes, who wanted to see the little machine take off, fly and land. Several flights were made while the manufacturer watched the behavior of the midget machine through binoculars.

He asked permission to pilot the plane himself, and took the plane up for a 20-minute flight, during which he put it through many of the maneuvers which are easy for full-size ships driven by powerful engines. He expressed his surprise at the flexibility and the stability of the ship and may get M. Mignet to design a similar machine to be standardized and produced in quantity.

1

2

PHOTOS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO. Inc

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1—M. Henri Mignet Taking Off in His Midget Plane, Which Derives Its Power From a Small Motorcycle Engine.

2—The Baby Plane in Flight.

3—And After the Flying Is Done, the Inventor Merely Hauls the Plane Back to Its Hangar With the Aid of a Motorcycle.

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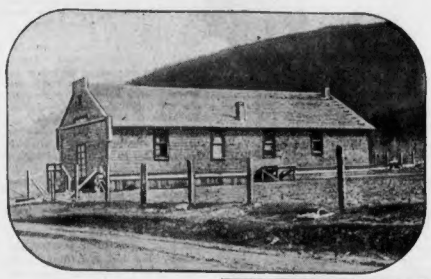
"Pat," the Faithful Collie, Sprang to Her Rescue

The Heroine's Dog Had Joined the Audience at the Amateur Theatrical Show, and When the Villain Seized Her and She Screamed, "Pat" Leaped Over the Footlights and Sank His Teeth in the Villain's Leg, Just One Jump Ahead of the Hero



The Community Hall in Canyon City, British Columbia, Where the Private Theatricals Were Staged.

It Was the Dramatic Moment of the Play. The Hero, a Worthy, Upstanding Young Lawyer, Had Saved the Mortgaged Old Homestead and Was About to Marry the Lovely Heroine. And Then the Villain Appeared—the ex-Convict Husband of the Heroine, Supposed to Be Dead. As the Villain Sneaks Onto the Stage and Begins to Strangle the Heroine, She Lets Out a Piercing Scream. The Faithful "Pat" Did Not Know That the Hero Was About to Come to the Rescue, So He Rose to the Occasion and Performed the Service.

This Is "Pat," the Wide-Awake Collie Who Rescued His Mistress From the Clutches of the Stage Villain.

CANYON CITY, B. C.

"LIE THERE, you cur! Or it will be your life instead of hers."

This was to be the hero's big line in the big moment of the big scene at the curtain of the second act of "Deacon Dubbs," a rural melodrama put on by the local Dramatic Club of Canyon City, British Columbia, late this Spring.

The hero, Ed Stevens, Canyon City's young school teacher, was playing the role of "Amos," the honest stage lawyer. In his legal capacity he was to save the old farm from foreclosure after the money to pay it had been stolen from the clock on the mantelpiece. But the high spot was when he entered as the two-fisted hero and discovered "Rawdon Crawley," the villain, strangling the heroine. His business, after making Crawley unhand the maiden, was to knock him down and then speak that heroic line.

All through the Spring, while the roads leading into the little crossroads town of Canyon City were still blocked with snow, the company rehearsed until all were perfect except for one thing—that big scene. The club's dramatic coach, J. F. Van Ackeron, had been a professional actor in his home town of Antwerp, Belgium, before he migrated to Canyon City, and he was worried about that big curtain scene, and the man he feared would muff it was not the villain, but the hero.

Ed Stevens, who played the part, was a quick, nervous type, and at rehearsals sometimes could not restrain himself from dashing on stage and socking the villain before the scoundrel had time to commit sufficient villainy against the heroine, "Rose Raleigh," played by Miss Frances Knott, pretty daughter of a ranch owner, to quite justify the wallop that Ed gave him.

"Heroes are always late," Van Ackeron told Ed many times. "Remember they have three hands—a right hand, a left hand, and always a little behind hand. If he gets there ahead of time he ruins everything.

"No, Ed, you stay there in the wings till Ernest and Fanny have time to squeeze all the thrill there is out of that scene. Let him throw her all over the stage. When you hear her shriek, you always dash on like a sprinter at the gun. Don't do it. Wait and count ten to give her time to gurgle and choke as his hand closes on her windpipe. Let him darn well half murder the girl so the audience will be glad to see you when you enter for the rescue.

"The bigger you let them build up that scene, the bigger you will go when you top it with your rescue act. If you don't let the villain get good and brutal, they aren't going to yell much when you, the hero, swing on his jaw. You boys and girls are good, every one of you, and I'll stake my professional reputation that if you will play that curtain scene just as I tell you, the whole play will be a hit. If it is done any other way it will be the most dismal flop you ever saw."

Mr. Van Ackeron is a good coach, but he was mistaken. The scene was not done his way at all, because another cur appeared, unannounced and uninvited, on the stage, and yet never in this history of that ancient play did it go over so big. The delighted audience offered to pay fancy prices and see it every night indefinitely if they would play it the new way. The little club could have gotten rich, but it will not be repeated, not ever. The hero does not like it that way, but the man who refuses most positively is Crawley, the villain, who insists on being the only cur in the cast.

Miss Frances Knott, in Her Bridal Dress and Wreath of Flowers as "Rose Raleigh." She Is a Rancher's Daughter.

Mr. Ed Stevens, Who Played the Part of "Amos," the Hero. But He Lingered a Little Too Long in Coming to the Rescue, Which Gave "Pat," the Collie, His Chance to Play the Role.

Ernest L. Langston, Who played "Crawley," the Villain.

The west end of Canada had a heavy Winter, with so much late snow that it looked as if the club might have to postpone the opening of the dramatic season from March 23. But, just in time, the warm south wind, known as the Chinook, came pouring through the Kootenay Valley, just a few miles north of the international boundary, sending the melted snow running down into the canyon of Goat River, from which the town gets its name.

Ranchers in cars, buggies, on horseback and a few on foot came in all day from their orchards in the shadow of Selkirk Ridge, towering 7,000 feet above them. The "opera house" where the play was staged is the community hall, a plain, shingled structure, close to the building which houses the combination post office and Canyon City Trading Co.

The house was well but not entirely filled because, unfortunately, nobody dreamed how good this show was going to be. Everybody knew everybody else in the audience. Of course George Knott, prosperous rancher and father of Frances, the leading lady who was to play the pretty school teacher, was there early enough to get himself a front seat. He had witnessed a few rehearsals and also hoped that Ed would not dash on too soon and spoil his daughter's chance of showing how a nice girl acts when she is being murdered.

Mr. Knott had left "Pat," the family collie dog, out in the "flivver," but seeing so many people and so much excitement, Pat had gotten out of the car, somebody had let him in and finally he announced himself to his master by sticking a cold muzzle into Mr. Knott's hand.

It was about time for the curtain to go up so Mr. Knott, instead of disturbing the house by dragging the dog out, moved the next chair over a little and made him lie down. Pat was a sensible dog who never made any trouble. He didn't even howl when the amateur orchestra tuned up and played the overture. As soon as the curtain went up, Mr. Knott forgot all about him in his anxiety that his daughter should perform creditably.

She did and so did everybody else. The director's prophecy was fulfilled up to that big scene. The plot unfolded with the ponderous precision of those good old dramas. It soon became evident that Rose Raleigh, the schoolma'am, and the worthy, straight-forward Amos were in love with each other. Then loomed the inevitable obstacles to prevent the wedding bells. There was the financial obstacle of losing the old farm which Amos nobly prevented.

But there was another. Rose had some sort of a secret in her past which, if honest Amos knew might cause him to stalk out into his empty life and leave the bride flat. Perhaps she had better not say anything about it. Finally the audience discovered that she had been married to a jail-bird.

However, that was over, the scoundrel was dead and she was to be married to a man who would make her forget everything. In her wedding finery, including a sparkling necklace, gift of the groom, she stands all ready for the bridal party to take her to the church when an ominous shadow darkens the door. It is Rawdon Crawley, her villain husband, who had deceived her when he married her and now deceived her again even worse by not being dead when he should have been.

In real life Crawley, the handsome villain, was Ernest L. Langston, a young rancher, known and liked by the entire Knott family, including Pat the collie, who knew he was a perfect young gentleman and Pat never barked when he called at the house. But now Ernest closed the door and gave Rose a dirty leer.

Pat, who up to this time had been inclined to go to sleep, pricked up his ears at the gasp from his mistress across the footlights and when he heard his friend Ernest talk in an unnatural, grating voice, cocked his head on one side and then on the other, as puzzled dogs do to correct the astigmatism in their eyes and make sure they are not "seeing things." In the manuscript the scene is as follows:

RAWDON (chuckling at Rose's discomforture). In a few moments your friends will be here to take you to church. What will they think when they learn that Rose Raleigh is the wife of an ex-convict? What will HE think? The man who was to have been your husband?

ROSE—Go! Go!

RAWDON—I won't go (seizes her) I won't give you up. I was going away with another woman but I want you. You are my wife. We'll go to the city together!

ROSE—No! No! The old life is dead. You deceived me. You took my money, my jewels—all I had. You struck me—you beat me—you forced me to flee from place to place in fear of the police!

RAWDON—Enough! You are my wife! Take off that bridal wreath—that sparkling necklace. Give it to me!

ROSE—No.

RAWDON—(sneering)—His gift I suppose. HIS gift to MY wife. Give it to me!

ROSE — (shrinking) — Don't touch me. Don't touch me!

RAWDON—(seizes her and forces her to her knees)—Touch you? I'll strangle you——

This was the big scene and it was being well played and going over big. Mr. Knott knew the crucial moment was approaching. If all went well in the next minute or two his girl would be radiantly happy, if not she would cry all night and be hard to live with for weeks. He gripped his hands together in tensest suspense, not because a villain was preparing to murder his daughter, but for fear an overzealous hero would save her too soon.

Director Van Ackeron decided to play safe and tip-toed around backstage until he got to Hero Ed's elbow where he whispered:

"Hold it! Wait till he's throttled her good and plenty."

Mr. Knott was so anxious that he failed to notice that a certain free spectator had risen on his haunches to watch the show with flattering interest. Pat was a worried dog. If it had been a stranger or someone Pat did not like who was using a nasty tone and threatening gestures to his mistress he would have known just what to do. But Ernest was an old friend, perhaps it was all right, yet every dog knows that people sometimes come first as friends and later sneak back to steal something. Maybe Ernest's character had changed.

The Post Office and General Store in Canyon City, B. C.

Pat was no puppy. He did not wish to rush in and make a fool of himself when Mr. Knott was looking on without protest. So wrapped up in the scene were Mr. Knott and the others that nobody laughed when Pat sneezed several times, a sign of excitement caused by rush of blood to the nose to sharpen the sense of smell. Just then the villain seized Pat's mistress by the throat and she screamed.

As usual, Ed the hero started to the rescue, but Mr. Van Ackeron clutched his elbow and counted ten. Meanwhile, with a roar like a rocket and much the same speed, Pat was over the footlights and had nipped a large hunk out of the villain's trousers. Ernest unhanded the heroine in a hurry and began to do the yelling himself, probably the most astonished villain that ever strutted a stage. Ed the hero now dashed on, not to save the heroine, but to help her save the bad man from Pat, who had stolen the hero's big moment. After that he could not very well knock Ernest down and say: "Lie there, you cur!"

The entire cast ran onto the stage, stage hands and all, like the ensemble of a musical show and what an ovation they received from the delighted audience. Mr. Van Ackeron rang down the curtain with his own hands and then gave everyone a curtain call separately, ending with the heroine, the bitten villain, and Pat, the unadvertised star. It was a triumphant opening night worthy of New York or London, even if the lazy map-makers do forget to put down Canyon City.

There was a slight delay before the third act while a doctor applied iodine to Ernest's bites and the property man found him another pair of trousers. Now when Mr. Ernest Langston calls at the Knott ranch Pat growls and wags his tail at the same time, which Mr. Langston does not understand, but neither can Pat decide whether Ernest is all right or not.

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American Girl Now a "Russian Dancer"

Margaret Severn in One of Her Striking Dances, Whose Exotic Phases Lend Realism to Her Pose as a Russian Artist.

Miss Severn in Her Now Famous Dance of the Masks, Which Captured the Fancy of Theatre-Goers in the French Capital.

As a Showgirl in a Dramatic Pantomime Episode, Which Has for Its Climax a Tragic "Dagger Dance."

The American Girl's Interpretative Dancing First Won Her Recognition in Europe. The Classic Attire in This Dance Is Sufficiently Revealing Even for Parisian Audiences.

PARIS.

A FEW days ago, when the world-famous Nejenska was rehearsing her troupe of Russian ballet dancers on the stage of the Opera Comique, the stage doorman whispered to her that a tall young woman wished to speak to the ballerina.

"I am very busy," said Nejenska. "What is it that she would see me about?"

"She says she's a dancer," replied the doorman. "Her name is Mlle. Monet."

"Never heard of the young woman," said Nejenska, plainly annoyed at being interrupted during one of her strenuous rehearsals, "but let her come in. Very probably she's another of those silly folies girls who thinks she's a ballet dancer because she can spin once on her toes without falling down."

The doorman bowed himself away from the celebrated creator of dances which have preserved the spirit of the Imperial Ballet that went down to extinction with the late Czar Nicholas and his court of Muscovite nobles. In a moment he returned with the girl who called herself Mlle. Monet.

There was something about the young woman's graceful manner of walking that impressed Nejenska. The girl might not be a dancer, but she certainly walked liked one. And her way of speaking was charming. All she asked was a chance to dance for the ballerina. If she failed to impress the ballerina favorably she would go away and ask no further favors; if she demonstrated her ability to perform the difficult movements of the ballet she hope Nejenska might find a place for her in the troupe.

So Nejenska called to her pianist to play a few bars of a well-known operatic ballet and told her visitor to interpret the airy melody in her own way. She sat back in her chair to watch.

Mlle. Monet seemed to forget that she was dancing for the critical eyes of a woman who, in the opinion of thousands of dance lovers, is the greatest living exponent of the so-called Ballet Russe and one of the most inspired prima ballerinas of all time. She seemed oblivious of the not-so-friendly eyes of dancers who, it was plain to see, regarded her as just another ambitious girl who was silly enough to imagine that she could perform the most difficult and graceful dance movements.

In two minutes, Mlle. Monet changed this antagonism to interest, and interest to frank admiration. Nejenska clapped her hands for the pianist to stop. She rose from her chair and beckoned the girl to her.

"But you dance exquisitely!" she exclaimed. "You did everything exactly right. In my native Russia I have seen many girls in the Imperial Opera who had not your grace, your poise, your naturalness, your understanding of the music. Have you been, shall I say, kidding, me? Is your name really Mlle. Monet?"

And then Margaret Severn, an American girl born in Birmingham, Ala., and a dancer well known in London, Paris and Budapest, as well as in her native land, confessed her identity. She hoped that the ballerina would not be angry with her for the deception; she called herself by the obscure name of Monet so that Nejenska would judge her solely on her ability as a dancer, not on her established reputation.

"But, of course, I am not angry with you," said the Russian dancer. "Now that you have explained who you are, I remember you. Last year I saw your Dance of the Masques here in Paris. It is wonderful. I also had the pleasure of witnessing your success in Budapest last Summer—in that charming operetta, "The Wonder Bar." I know, too, that your name is well known on your native Broadway. But I cannot understand why you come to me like this when you already are famous and successful as a solo dancer. Do you really want to dance in my ballet troupe, or are you having a little joke with me?"

Miss Severn assured Nejenska that her desire to dance in a really celebrated Russian Ballet is no joke. When she was a girl of 12, studying under the ballet master at London's Covent Garden, she saw her first Russian ballet and from that moment it had been her ambition to be a part of such a group.

At the age of 14 she had made a triumphal trip back home to dance in a ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. After that she had toured the country with Ruth St. Denis, the world famous interpretative dancer. She had won acclaim as a creator of dances in most of the capitals of Europe—but her yearning to take part in a Ballet Russe was still strong within her.

That yearning will be satisfied in a week or two when the curtain rises on the Nejenska Ballet at the Opera Comique. A featured dancer of the troupe will be Miss Margaret Severn, the first American girl to take part in a real Russian ballet.

Scorpion Is Zoo's Champion Eater

© PHOTO PRESS

Feeding Time at the London Zoo, and This Perpetually Hungry Scorpion, Which Eats Much More Than Its Own Weight in a Day, Refuses to Drop Its Meal, Even Though an Attendant Holds the Creature Upside Down.

"SALLY," an unusually large scorpion recently added to the attractions in the London Zoo, has an appetite all out of proportion to her bulk. Her craving for food might almost be described as vicious, so eagerly does she attack whatever edible the keepers put before her.

The scorpion's favorite dish is a big, live, juicy spider—or two or three of the insects. The instant that the spiders are thrust into her small pen, she grasps the creatures, one after the other, in two of her pincer-like claws, curls up her tail and stabs the spider with the poisonous barbs at the tip of this flexible appendage. The spider kicks a few times and is dead by the time "Sally" gobbles him up, legs and all.

When there are not many-legged delicacies to be had, the scorpion feasts on meals of smaller insects and on chunks of raw meat.

The attendants at the zoo have learned by long experience that it is not healthy to get chummy with scorpions, for the creatures move with surprising swiftness and strike with their tails arched and ready for the painful and sometimes deadly thrust which is followed by an injection of poison through two tiny pores.

Like all of her kind, "Sally" is not much interested in food—or anything else in the daytime. She likes to sleep during the day and move about the narrow confines of her pen after dark. It is then that she is fed.

"Sally" is what the scientists call an arachnid and is a close relative of the familiar king crab. She comes from an old, old family and fossils of many of her ancestors have been found in rocks in which they became embedded a million or more years ago.

For some reason the scorpion has not changed much since those distant days, for the fossils of million-year-old scorpions show that the creatures were built on practically the same lines as Sally and her living relatives.

"Sally" has so far failed to sink her stingers into the hands of her keepers, but they keep a bottle of ammonia handy in case she tries to satisfy her appetite with human blood.

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The 61 New Arrivals at a Berlin Hospital Within 24 Hours. As They Are All Leap Year Babies, the Nurses Arranged Them to Form the Number "1932."

Stork's 61 Visits in a Day

BERLIN.

GERMANY is in the throes of political and economic upheaval, thousands of her citizens may be on the verge of revolution, and millions more are battling to rid themselves of the burdens of taxation and unemployment, but with the stork, business seems to be even better than usual.

For several years after the close of the World War the birth rate in Germany naturally took a sharp drop. This was inevitable with the nation's loss of more than 1,770,000 men. But now the birth rate is working back toward the pre-war figures, in spite of the country's post-war difficulties.

The photograph above shows, as cold statistics never can, just what a busy bird the stork is. This picture, taken in Berlin's biggest maternity hospital early this year, is a group photograph of 61 new citizens of Germany, all born the same day.

These arrivals constituted a new record for this particular hospital and for the city. The officials of the institution, believing that a permanent record should be made of the unusual event or series of events, had the nurses in charge of the youngsters arrange them so that their tiny heads formed the number "1932."

The hospital was equipped to take care of only 50 new arrivals at a time and this extraordinary activity of the stork rather upset the institution's normal routine for a time. Extra cribs had to be put in the room where the babies are quartered during their stay at the hospital. Many additional nurses had to be put on the job and physicians from other hospitals were pressed into service.

The workers in the statistics division of the institution had to stay on the job for 24 hours, making prints of the new arrivals' feet and identifying them with special bracelets stamped with the names of their mothers. In this hospital it is the custom to take impressions of the feet of new babies a few moments after they are born, so that there will be no possible way of mixing them. Two sets of prints are made. One set is kept on file in the hospital and the other is put in a small frame attached to the foot of the mother's bed.

The stork, on this red letter day, was a bit more partial to the mothers who wanted sons than to those who desired daughters. Forty of the babies were boys and all except one of the children was physically normal.

Sheep Trained as "Judas"

THE fabled "wolf in sheep's clothing" was a tender-hearted fellow in comparison with an innocent looking sheep that lives in a Lowell, Massachusetts, slaughter house. His name is Kitchoo and in the past four years he has lured some 25,000 of his meek, unsuspecting relatives to their death.

It may be that Kitchoo, trained for his Judas role, doesn't realize the villainous job that fate has thrust upon him. On the other hand, he does his luring so efficiently and so cleverly that the men with whom he works sometimes suspect that he gets satanic satisfaction in playing the betrayer.

Almost every day Kitchoo, at a signal from his owner, walks out of his pen to a gate in the big sheepfold about a mile from the slaughter house. The animals doomed to die behave according to the habits of their kind and follow Kitchoo. Probably they think he is bound for some pasture where they can browse quietly and get their fill of grass.

When the carefully coached double-crosser arrives at the pens adjacent to the slaughter house, he walks slowly into an enclosure and idles about until all of the creatures that followed are safely inside and the gate fastened. Then he strolls casually out a little gate, which is opened especially for him, and makes his way back to his pen and another Judas job.

By the time he arrives at the head of another procession, most of the first flock have been executed and are well on their way to hotels, restaurants and butcher shops. Kitchoo never registers anything that might be called remorse even when his ears are assailed by the pitiful bleating of his victims.

ACME PHOTO.

"Kitchoo," the "Judas Sheep," of Lowell, Massachusetts. This Animal's Job Is to Betray Thousands of Other Sheep by Leading Them Into the Slaughter House.

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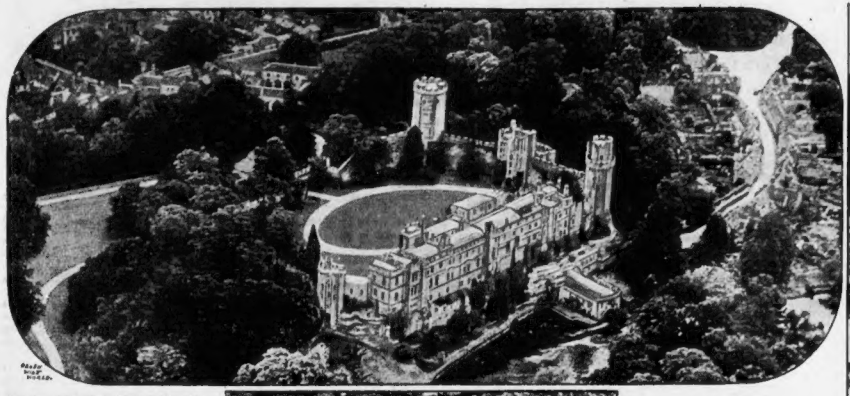
"Don't Want to be a Pompous Countess Sitting up in a Castle"

Miss Margaret Whigham, Charming Daughter of a Wealthy British Banker, Jilts the Young Earl of Warwick Because She Finds No Lure in the Title of Nobility and One of the Finest Feudal Estates in England



Aeroplane View of the Famous Warwick Castle and Some of the Extensive Feudal Estate, Where Miss Whigham Would Have Presided If She Had Not Broken Off Her Engagement With the Earl of Warwick.

Miss Whigham and Her Father Beside the Lake on the Whigham Estate, Near London. The Warwick Castle and Estate Held No Lure for Her.

The Earl of Warwick Photographed Beside Miss Margaret Whigham, Who Seems More Interested In Her French Poodle Than She Is In His Lordship, Who Thought He Was Going to Marry Her.

LONDON, April 28.

THE young Earl of Warwick has one of the oldest titles in England and the ancestral estate, coming down from feudal times with the magnificent old Warwick Castle, is famous. The last Earl, having recently died, the young Earl of Warwick found himself one of the most desirable matrimonial catches in titled British society. Every girl wanted to meet him and hundreds tried hard to win him.

The young Earl surveyed the eligible young women and fell in love with Miss Margaret Whigham, an extremely attractive debutante. Their meeting was romantic and their engagement was announced to the chagrin of many ambitious rivals.

And then an extraordinary thing happened. Miss Whigham broke the engagement and, in explaining to her friends why she jilted His Lordship, remarked: "I don't want to be a pompous countess sitting up in a castle."

It was the splendor of the honor, the exacting requirements of playing the great lady and presiding over Warwick Castle and the unavoidable social requirements which were unbearable to Miss Whigham. Wealth and position are nothing new to this young woman, whose father is a very rich English banker, and her own home and estates are luxurious and extensive. Miss Whigham had spent much of her time of late in the United States, where her father also has large financial interests, and she had come to enjoy the freedom of life of a wholesome American girl. Her tossing aside the Earl of Warwick has stunned British society, which never doubted that what the young lord had to offer in titles of nobility, social prestige and historic estates would win any girl.

The Drawing-Room at Warwick Castle, Its Walls Hung With Ancestral Portraits.

The Earl of Warwick is the possessor of Warwick Castle, the largest, most stately and most romantic castle in England. It was built in the time of William the Conqueror, and has stood for nearly nine hundred years, with frequent patchings and alterations, which give it a delightfully crazy and romantic appearance.

It was once the stronghold of the formidable nobleman known as "Warwick the King-maker," because he discharged and reengaged the occupant of the British throne three times. The ancestors of the present Earl were very much to the fore in the days of Queen Elizabeth, and that august champion of women's rights—for herself—slept in the best bed of the castle and danced a quadrille in the great hall.

In spite of some trying experiences that have happened to the Warwicks, as to other old families, the young Earl still retains most of the great social prestige that goes with his historic title. He is a grandson of the old Countess of Warwick, still alive and flourishing, who was a great friend of King Edward VII in his prime, and the most noted beauty in English society. She was known as "the Babbling Brooke" because she talked too freely about the baccarat scandal at Tranby Croft that dragged the King—then Prince of Wales—into the law courts and caused him no end of embarrassment. Lady Warwick was called Lady Brooke while her father-in-law was still alive.

The conservative elements of society felt rather worried about old Lady Warwick when she turned Socialist, started a college for working men in the grounds of one of her castles and threw all sorts of aspersions on the peerage. But her husband was always a dignified nobleman of the old school, even when short of cash, and her son, who died rather young, worthily followed in his footsteps. Her grandson who has just received such a cruel blow has hitherto been regarded as a creditable representative of the old nobility. Whether he must be considered to have injured the prestige of his caste by being dismissed by an ultra-modern young woman is a question that is being much discussed.

Miss Whigham belongs to a family prominent in British society and wealthy. They are bankers and perform regular banking services for the British army. One of her uncles is a distinguished general. Her parents have a beautiful house, Queen's Hill, at Ascot, a neighborhood noted for its race meeting, which has been attended every year for many generations by the reigning King and Queen of England. The parties at this house have included the most fashionable people in England.

Margaret Whigham is eighteen years old and was presented to society a year ago. The Earl has reached the more mature age of twenty-one. She is considered a remarkably well-dressed girl in London and an exceptionally good dancer. She is one of the most regular frequenters of the Embassy Club, the fashionable dancing resort.

The engagement between the Earl and the girl was a romantic affair in the Egyptian desert. They met on a train while traveling to the great Assouan Dam that holds up the waters of the Nile for the benefit of Egypt. She actually accepted him while strolling by his side across the great dam, giving rise to the apt phrase—"the dam engagement." Miss Whigham was so pleased with the affair that she wrote an account of her trip. A few words from this will be interesting as an example of this young girl's breezy style:

"A lovely white train takes you through the desert—bright yellow, the color of the sun—and through mud villages, past cavalcades of natives on camels, and sakiehs, which are the ancient machinery, turned by bullocks—a clumsy method of irrigation, but the natives are just so picturesque that they refuse to have modern machinery.

"Incidentally, it was on this white train that I met Lord Warwick. He came and talked to us in our carriage and—well, in eight days we were engaged.

"From Luxor to Assouan the scenery changes to green in the Nile Valley. You see great big, woolly, brown sheep who seem to live on nothing but dust and sand — poor sweets. I nearly bought one, but he would have been an awful nuisance in the Embassy cloakroom, wouldn't he?

"We arrived at Assouan at the end of the Feast of Ramadan. The natives —they just are terribly devout—fast for six weeks. They are not allowed to touch even water from sunrise to sunset, and by the time we arrived they were all so hungry and angry after their banting that they almost spat at us. The Copts, who are the Christian natives, were the only ones we dared speak to until the others had had a good square meal.

Debutante Photograph of Miss Whigham, Fondling Some of Her Jewels.

"The Pyramids are really very disappointing. You go out in a carriage from Cairo, along an arterial road, with icicles hanging on to your eyelids. Visiting them is most back-breaking, as you have to bend double to get into the corridors, the air is foul, and you are quite liable to catch a queer disease.

"But the dam at Assouan is the best thing ever. There is a regular colony of dam workers in a village of their own. The most skilled ones only get about two shillings a day and don't seem to strike. We walked along the top, which is a mile and a half long, with nothing to prevent you falling into the Nile. On one side no distance at all, but on the other a terrific height.

"Then Lord Warwick and I went to see the tombs at Luxor. The desert is just thick with tombs. I really do believe that you have only to put down your bucket and spade anywhere to find a tomb. Here the desert is riddled with holes like a great gruyere cheese.

"The dancing at Luxor is no good at all, and there is a perpetual argument about whether beetroot or tomatoes are safe or taboo, like salad, cream and milk.

"So I took to the open-air life and learned to ride a divine camel that I christened 'Jackson.' He really did look like almost all my friends! In fact, I got to know his face quiet well, as a camel has the sort of a neck that lets it turn round and laugh at you.

"You get used to this, but nine times out of ten it also takes a playful bite out of your ankle.

The desert has always had a strong influence in making girls feel romantic. The memories of a million sheiks, the thoughts of Cleopatra and other fervid characters, the unequaled beauty of the desert moon and stars—all incline one to tenderness. But this influence is likely to weaken when the desert is left far behind.

Miss Whigham and Lord Warwick came back to London together. Her first question on arriving was, "How is Jackson?" She was referring to the official cat of the Embassy Club.

In the evening she gave a party at the Embassy to announce her engagement. There she said to a friend:

"It was a case of love at first sight. We have both fallen desperately in love and are looking forward to the wedding day."

The party was a thoroughly up-to-date one, and the young women present all had the reputation of never being seen wearing the same gown twice. Miss Whigham remarked that she was pleased to think she would be "the youngest countess in England."

It was planned to have the wedding in June, and Miss Whigham stated that it would be either at Westminster Abbey or at St. Margaret's Westminster. She said she was to have eight bridesmaids. They were to be Lady Bridget Poulett, Lady Patricia Moore, Miss Jane Stourton, Miss Molly Vaughan, Miss Baba Beaton, Miss Katherine Horlick, Miss Margaret [illegible] ingstone-Learmonth, and Miss Priscilla Weigall. All were to be dressed in pale rose-pink and to wear pink roses. The honeymoon was to be spent on the gay Riviera.

Then came a tremendous ceremony, and it was probably this that made Miss Whigham feel that the honor was more than she could bear. Lord Warwick took her to his historic home, Warwick Castle, to introduce her to his friends and relatives, as well as to the mayor and other civic dignitaries. There was a week-end party at the castle, where more congratulations were received and the fortunate young woman was inspected by most of the Dukes and Duchesses, Earls and Countesses in England.

Then just one month after the announcement and two weeks after the party at Warwick Castle, Miss Whigham astonished society by announcing that the "dam engagement" was at an end.

"The engagement has been broken off by mutual consent," said Miss Whigham to a reporter. "There is really nothing to say."

Her mother, Mrs. Whigham, thought that the occasion called for a little more explanation.

"The engagement has been broken by my daughter," said mamma. "She took the initiative, although it was, in a sense, a mutual agreement. My daughter found that she did not care enough for the Earl of Warwick to marry him.

"They were very fond of one another, but they are both so young, and it is one of the misfortunes of youth that it is liable to make mistakes."

It is a significant fact that no less than forty engagements of young persons prominent in London society have been broken during the present season. One conspicuous case was that of Miss Joyce Wethered, the British champion golfer, who broke off her engagement to Major Cecil K. Hutchison. Another broken engagement was that of the Hon. Charles Fitzroy, son and heir of Lord Southampton, and Miss Sheila Seely.

All these mishaps are attributed to the tendency of modern girls to exercise an independent judgment as to a man's qualifications to be a husband, without regard to promises, social conventions or family wishes. It used to be thought that when a girl became engaged, she was under a solemn obligation to carry it through to the possibly bitter end. The modern girl finds that the engagement is exactly the period when she can best find out that she does not want a man as a husband.

Then many people are daring enough to question whether it would be such a great privilege to be the mistress of Warwick Castle. Its owners have several times been in financial difficulties, and there appeared at one time to be danger that it would pass out of the family. The present Lord's grandfather and his well-known wife adopted the scheme of turning their possessions, including Warwick Castle and the Easton Lodge estates of the Countess, into a stock company upon what was described as a sort of comic opera plan. The object of this was to avoid taxation and law suits, but it was not a brilliant success.

The extent of the financial embarrassments of Lady Warwick and her husband may be gathered from the fact that her lordly estate is said to have been on at least three occasions the scene of a sheriff's sale for the benefit of creditors. The noble pair were obliged to sell Brooke House, in London, which had been the scene of great festivities in King Edward's time.

At one time, it was reported, the embarrassed Lord and Lady Warwick wished their oldest son to consent to break the entail on Warwick Castle and their other estates, so that they could turn them into cash. In that case, it is said, most of the money would have been absorbed by the creditors of the venerable ornaments of Edwardian society, and there would have been neither money nor estates left for later generations. But the son refused to give the necessary consent, and that is why the present Earl is still able to offer Warwick Castle as an inducement to a bride able to appreciate such things.

The old castle was leased for some years by Henry Wheelwright Marsh, a wealthy American fond of English country life and sports. Mr. Marsh was enthusiastic about the beauty of the castle, but he gave it up after a time. It is thought that a stone building hundreds of years old, cracking and crumbling in places, must be more conducive to rheumatism than comfort.

And then there are the ghosts!

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What Makes People Laugh

The Clown Was the First Professional "Funny Man" and Until He Spread a Taste for Jokes and Humor the World Was a Gloomy Place to Live In---Mirthlessness of Ancient Egypt, Rome and Greece

Clowns in a Greek Burlesque of the Fourth Century, B. C. From Terra-cotta Bowl in the British Museum. Here Two Comic Actors Are Forcing Another Comedian Up the Steps to the Gallows, Where They Will Hang Him.

THERE is no evidence that primitive man had any sense of humor, although he may have enjoyed the mishaps and discomfiture of other dwellers in the cave—a brutal sort of fun. It was a mirthless world down through the ages even until comparatively recent centuries. There is no sparkle of comedy in the frescoes of ancient Egypt; no dash of humor among all the words of Solomon. In Babylon and Nineveh and Thebes, kings gladdened their hearts with dancers and wine. In all the inscribed monuments there is no evidence of any gibes or blows except those given in earnest.

Analyzing the fundamentals of what makes people laugh, Professor M. W. Disher, in "Clowns and Pantomimes," points out the "court fool" was the first of the humorists in medieval Europe. He was usually a dwarf or monstrosity of some sort, and a half-wit. His antics and "fool performances" were enjoyed by king and courtiers.

Tabarin, French Clown of the Seventeenth Century.

The court fool was well fed and well dressed and envied. Thus the quick-witted coveted the place of the half-witted, and the position of court jester began to be filled by men of high intelligence. The jester was given a seat at the lord's table because he could make the assemblage laugh. Folly became profitable and the court jester worked hard to prepare his quips and satires. But the name of fool stuck to the jester long after he had ceased to resemble a half-wit.

The old Greek writers, about twenty-five centuries ago, began to give their attention to comedies and tragedies. The actors imitated the court jesters in their antics on the stage and were called clowns. It was a cruel sort of humor, for the most part, and cruelty is the basis of much of the humor of today.

The ancient tendency to regard suffering as funny is strikingly proved by a Greek vase of the fourth century B. C. in the British Museum. Two clowns are forcing another up a ladder to be hanged, as shown clearly by the gallows that awaits him. That this is intended to be funny is demonstrated by the expression on the faces of the two actors who are doing the pushing. Eating to excess was also considered an entertaining subject for a comedy in ancient Greek times.

The joke of a man falling down and hurting himself is perhaps the oldest. Laughter is most easily aroused when the falling man hits that part of his anatomy which seems to have been intended by nature to best endure blows without injury, but a smaller laugh may also be aroused when he bumps his head.

All the comic aspects of misfortune are typified by the joke of falls. One form is the trip over the last step that isn't there. The Professor reasons that the greater the disproportion of the evidence of suffering to the injury the greater probably will be the onlooker's mirth.

The joke of the fall reached its highest form in America in the case of the banker with high hat and gold-headed cane who slips on a banana peel.

Pain Often Counted On To Raise a Laugh in Old Days.

Pain was the theme depended on to arouse laughter in the earliest English plays. "Gammer Gurton's Needle," written in the sixteenth century, was written solely about the painful fact that Gammer Gurton had forgetfully left her needle in the seat of her husband's breeches.

Professor Disher says that one reason for regarding pain as funny is the satisfaction of the onlooker that he is not feeling it himself.

Pain arouses laughter through various mental operations. As pity is increased by liking, and decreased by dislikes, the spectator's inclination to laugh is affected by his attitude of mind towards the sufferer. The punishment of Tartuffe, the typical French hypocrite, is not great enough to change laughter into sympathy for his pain. On the other hand, there is sympathy for Falstaff, and many people feel sorry for his downfall in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Professor Bergson, the noted French philosopher and member of the French Academy, employed a friend to stumble at his lectures to demonstrate how irresistibly ludicrous is a man's failure to maintain an attitude of "elasticity and adaptability" towards life. The demonstration would not have been so effective if the friend had failed to fall in a sitting-down posture.

It has been found, however, that many women are so entirely regardless of psychology as to shriek with alarm even at a funny fall. Woman cannot help herself, her sensitiveness to injuries being greater than any reasoning to prove there is none.

In English pantomimes, which were the most popular form of amusement there until recently, live dogs were put into machines and sausages ran out barking. Pancakes with an outline reminiscently human were left in the wake of crazy steamrollers or rolled out of mangles. These processes appeared to involve much suffering, but they were considered very funny. The Professor points out that they ended with an assurance that the episode was entirely incredible.

Blows are another ancient form of joke, and continue to excite mirth. To see a face slapped, ear boxed, or head smacked is usually considered irresistibly comic. When a variety stage comedian drives an axe into his companion's head and the other goes on talking as if nothing has happened, peals of laughter are aroused among intelligent Americans. The Professor explains that the laughter is due to the suggestion of pain when the spectator knows that there is none. The joke of the blow was in some cases performed mechanically by the slap-stick.

Surprise is another cause of laughter. It is felt in its simplest form when a jack springs out of the box and when the acrobat lets go the trapeze. The pantomime cow that quarrels with itself until it breaks in two is a good illustration of this form of fun.

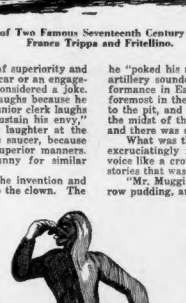
Rascality is often considered funny, but it depends upon personalities. Making husbands ridiculous is an age-old joke. This joke cannot be separated from the character of those who enact it. Stealing commodities that are deemed anybody's property, such as umbrellas, usually arouses a smile. Drink is so generally the staple of hospitality that to empty another's glass is vastly amusing. To steal drink by strategy is one of the few jokes that have come down from the days of the ancient Greeks. Thus, in "Cyclops," the satiric drama by Euripides, Silenus steals a skinful of wine from the one-eyed giant.

A Comic Act of Two Famous Seventeenth Century Italian Clowns, Franca Trippa and Fritellino.

Mountebanks deceiving the people with quack medicines were considered funny in the Middle Ages. In a play of the time of King Henry VIII., by John Heywood, the rival vendors of all sorts of ridiculous nostrums were considered irresistibly amusing.

Laughter often springs from feelings of superiority and inferiority. The mere mention of a Ford car or an engagement ring bought at a "five-and-ten" is considered a joke. The plutocrat, secure in his possessions, laughs because he thinks of the cost of his own car. "The junior clerk laughs because he needs more magnificence to sustain his envy," says the Professor. Women shriek with laughter at the sight of an actor drinking tea out of his saucer, because they are pleased to think of their own superior manners. Misspelling and mispronunciation are funny for similar reasons.

It is an interesting fact that we owe the invention and almost universal use of trousers by men to the clown. The learned author tells us that trousers were originally clown's wear. The word, both in French and English, means "trussed," and the garment was made of old pieces of cloth tied around the legs with thongs. This was considered funny, and trousers were the distinctive garb of the comic actors of Greek burlesque and reappeared in medieval Italian comedy.



An Actor in an "Antick" or "Fool of a Play" at a Seventeenth Century Fair.

An old man being knocked about was a crude form of humor in the earliest comedies, but today a little more consideration is paid to old age. The butt of blows now is young. In recent English pantomimes one of the most popular performers had no excuse for existence except to receive injuries. His partner, whether actually exasperated or merely argumentative, struck him on the mouth, kicked him or flung him across the stage to vent his wrath or illustrate a theory. Though preferring to avoid blows wherever possible, the poor clown accepted them as natural to his station in life and collapsed the next second because of another blow. All these things aroused peals of hearty laughter.

Albert Fratellini, one of the most popular clowns of recent times, made his reputation by suffering blows cheerfully. He was hit on the head violently, but continued to smile, although a large crimson bump swelled visibly on the spot and burst with a report.

The clown Fratellini is credited with the invention of having an animal break in two on the stage. He heard of a property elephant which had broken in two because the men inside it had a quarrel. The manager discharged them for spoiling his prearranged entertainment, whereupon Fratellini adopted the trick, which proved a great success.

The performing horse, Pogo, was one of the most successful sham animals that ever appeared on the English stage. This beast would turn its head around to dispute with its stomach, and occasionally the forelegs and the hind legs exchanged kicks. Some leaders of an animals' protection society signed a protest against the cruelty involved in training an animal to perform such ridiculous and unnatural antics. When it was proved that Pogo was made up of two actors, his fortune was made. It is interesting to know that Pogo made King George laugh more than anything else he had seen on the stage.

The harlequin was introduced as a comic figure by Italians in the 17th century and rapidly spread to all countries. The old story of Faust was changed into a harlequinade. The table sank amid a flash of lightning, bottles flew up and chairs rose. Harlequin and Scaramouche were caught fast when they sat down. Several devils blacked the faces of both and then squirted milk upon them. After a dance they both sank down to the lower regions. At the close, Dr. Faust's limbs, "all torn asunder by the hand of Hell," came together to provide dance and song.

One of the earliest English pantomimes was called "Harlequin's Triumph," and was given in 1727. The clown and Harlequin's wife were discovered "very loving together," and when the clown tried to escape through a window, the sash fell so that "a suitable part of his anatomy was available for beating." Needless to say, the audience nearly died of laughing.

Probably the most famous of English clowns was Joseph Grimaldi, of Italian descent. He was famous for making fun of oysters. He performed a duet with an enormous specimen supposed to have been crossed in love. At another time he opened an oyster which made a complaining noise. "Ah, poor thing," he said. "I'll put you out of your misery," and swallowed it.

The success Grimaldi grew year by year. Directly he "poked his nose out the wings" a noise like the roar of artillery sounded through the house. At the opening performance in Easter, 1818, the crowd was so eager that the foremost in the gallery were forced over the balustrade into the pit, and a youth who fell was trampled to death. In the midst of the uproar, Grimaldi came before the curtain and there was quiet.

What was there in Grimaldi's performance that was so excruciatingly funny? He used to sing little songs in a voice like a crow and tell little stories. Here is one of his stories that was considered extremely funny:

"Mr. Muggins was the man to give it mouth over a marrow pudding, and travel thro' two yards and a half of rump steak and oyster sauce; he was a man of true taste, and died of a parish dinner. 'Doctor,' says he, 'I am very bad.' 'What is the matter, Mr. Muggins?' 'My old complaint of tightness across the chest.' 'Open your mouth. Oh, I see plain enough.' 'What do you see, doctor?' 'Only the leg of a turkey with a skewer stuck in it. Here, Polly, bring me the tongs and I'll pull it out while I sing Folderol,'" etc.

Everybody knows that the typical clown appears covered with flour. This is because the most successful clowns of the time of Molière, in Paris, were recruited from the bakers' boys of the city and aroused laughter by their antics with flour. One of them, known as Gros-Guillaume, whose enormous belly was girdled with two belts so that he resembled a hogshead, could by the motion of his lips throw the flour on his face over those he spoke to. This use of flour was considered so funny that it was gradually adopted by the clowns of all countries.

The performances by the clowns were unlicensed and the theatres asked for their suppression. Cardinal Richelieu, the great French statesman, consented to this, but ordered the companies of actors to admit the clowns into their ranks. This explains how the clown, Tabarin, with his joke of beating a sack of flour over the other actors, came to be included in a comedy of Molière.

France produced the character known as Pierrot, the rascal with a mask who makes love to Colombine. The most famous Pierrot of Paris in the early nineteenth century was Jean Gaspard Deburau, about whom a successful modern French comedy has been written.

It is rather hard to understand why old time Parisians thought Deburau so extraordinarily funny. In one piece he joins a fair, beats the big drum too loudly and his head is cut off. Harlequin, disguised as a doctor, glues it on and demands a fee, but Pierrot complains that his head is not properly attached. Pierrot turns laundress.

A Clown Playing the Part of a Glutton in Menander. From Roman Terra-cotta in the British Museum.

When a whiskered Englishman brings him some soiled linen Pierrot throws it into a tub. Later on he wants to wash himself, puts on a bonnet and petticoat and enters a bathing establishment for women. It changes into a rotisserie and he finds himself on a grill. He comes through this ordeal with the loss of his clothes, so he enlists. A quarrel with the corporal leads to a duel. His pistol is loaded with a candle. It hits the corporal full in the face. For this exploit he is raised to the rank of drum-major.

Deburau's end was tragic. For a long time he had suffered cruelly from asthma. Parisian theatres of that time were very unhealthy places and mushrooms grew in the dressing-rooms. At his last appearance in 1846 he was received rapturously, and there was a call for his usual dance. But he had fainted away. He died a few days later.

One of the most popular and celebrated recent English clowns was Harry Payne, whose antics have been perpetuated by the brilliant artist, Phil May. One of Harry Payne's most successful acts was applying a red-hot poker surreptitiously to another man behind his back. This shows that the old idea of pain as a cause of laughter has not yet lost its force.

In a very popular scene Payne represented a keeper of a coffee stall at the seaside. Being annoyed by a string of dishonest customers, he took a stick to a man who was singing "Queen of My Heart," but though soundly beaten, the minstrel continued singing right to the fall of the curtain. The spectators fell out of their seats laughing.

Underwear in the Wrong Place Excites Mirth.

Another favorite fun-maker of recent times in London was Dan Leno. One of his first ideas was nothing more than a love song interrupted by a chorus of cats, but he went on to the creation of Bluebeard, Cinderella's stepmother and other characters that made London roar with delight. He acted a Queen who lived in such conditions that a pair of suspenders was the natural thing for Her Majesty to buy the King on his birthday, and the mistake of handing him the wrong parcel (containing lingerie) to be opened in full view of the court, was the not unnatural outcome of her ways of life.

It is evident that many of the jokes and performances that have given so much amusement do not seem funny when printed or described. The professor explains that the public showman has learned a great deal from experience, particularly from children. He knows the tricks that amuse his offspring are essentially similar to those enjoyed by audiences of grown-ups. A baby startled by the bobbing up of a head behind a chair will catch its breath in fright before realizing joyfully whose the face is. The child a little older slithering plates off the edge of its high-chair will wait a second in apprehension before chuckling with delight; or, watching an uncle who growls and walks on all-fours, will spend some seconds in open-mouthed wonder before deciding that human quadrupeds are a joke.

That momentary spasm of emotion is to be noted in adults as well. In fact, the manager's test of a clown is whether he can call forth as part of the response to his joke a half-muffled feminine shriek. Consequently, out of the depths of his practical knowledge of humanity, gained in barn or tent, the showman believes that laughter is directly related to emotion.

All opinions agree that it tends to take away fear and anger, tenderness and wonder. That is obvious to the showman. Sophisticated spectators, when the babes in the wood are being covered with the robins' shroud of leaves, keep back their tears by actually manufacturing a smile. Such deliberate and purposed laughter is, however, not Professor Disher's concern. Yet it reveals how the spontaneous kind arises. Though the former is ordered by the will within, and the latter prompted from without, both are alike. Both occur when emotion is relieved by reason.

Mr. J. C. Gregory in "The Nature of Laughter" has demonstrated that relief is an obvious element in all laughter. Of course, we seem to laugh at times in spite of reason. That is because the effort to control, say, grief, is apt to succeed unexpectedly.

All opposites, said Socrates, are only to be understood through each other. To know what is ridiculous, we must know what is sublime. To know what laughter is, we must know what emotion is.

Laughter is often the measure of a man's indifference to pain, not only in himself but also in others. When friend buffets friend, anger is aroused only to be dispelled, but if the blow be hard enough to cause pain there will be no laughter unless the spectator considers the injury not serious. During the performance of a comic cyclist, a well-intentioned rumor made it known that he had not yet recovered from a broken rib; in consequence his tumbles were watched in the silence of deep concern.

Plain cruelty not intended to be funny was a form of enjoyment in primitive times. In Rome the best citizens were pleased to watch robbers eaten alive by bears. Law-abiding Puritans shunned the playhouse, but took their children to see public executions. The pleasure now felt in seeing a man hit with a custard pie shows the great progress of civilization since those days.

A Modern Clown Act. From Sketches by the British Artist, Phil May.

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The "Messiah" of India Coming

Meher Baba, Holy Man of the Hindu Yogis, Who Hasn't Spoken a Word in Eight Years and Claims He Can Perform Miracles, Will Try to Start a Colony of Mystics in America

Meher Baba, the Indian "Messiah," Discussing His Religion With Disciples by Means of His Alphabet Board, for He Has Taken a Vow Never to Speak a Word.

An Indian Yogi of the Baba's School Practicing a Holy Posture—Stretched Out With His Right Leg Curled Around His Neck, Oftentimes in the Middle of the Street. This, He Thinks, Purifies His Soul.

THE United States is promised a visit from Meher Baba, the famous "holy man" from India, known as the "Messiah," and said to be the inspirer of Mahatma Gandhi.

In India a holy man's fame depends largely on how long he can go without eating, or whether he has lived for years without having spoken any words, or can hold himself upside down on a pole, or remain for many days buried in the ground with only his head showing.

Meher Baba can do many of these tricks, and in addition is supposed to be able to perform miracles. The ignorant and simple-minded natives of India are greatly impressed by "holy men" and it is expected that the credulous-minded in America will also take Meher Baba seriously and chip in liberally when those who are promoting the holy man pass around the hat. But when it comes to performing miracles, men of science or real intelligence will want to be shown.

Meher Baba is credited with many supernatural achievements in his native India. It is seriously stated that when he was crossing the Ghat Mountains in an automobile with a few friends they reached a dangerous corner. Here the mountain road was bordered on the left side by a towering mass of solid rock, and on the right side it was completely unprotected. Below yawned a terrifying precipice with a drop of several thousand feet.

Suddenly the automobile stopped, owing to the stalling of the engine, as they climbed up the steep road. Then it began to slide backwards, to the great alarm of its occupants. The driver applied the brakes, but they failed to act. The auto quickly approached the edge of the cliff and death seemed to be inevitable for all in the car. At this psychological moment Meher Baba touched the side of the auto and lightly snapped his fingers. At once the auto was brought to a standstill by a "miracle," the report goes.

On another occasion, it is related, when Meher Baba had made his headquarters in the little town of Tokar in Western India, it so happened that a great scarcity of rain prevailed in the region. According to local customs the people indulged in various ceremonies, including a tom-tom procession, in order to propitiate the goddess of rain. But their efforts were of no avail. Famine and starvation threatened the whole district.

The headman of the town went to Meher Baba and humbly begged him to use his miraculous powers to bring about some good showers of rain. The holy man said, "It will soon begin to rain now."

Within less than an hour of this, dark clouds began to gather over Tokar and in a few minutes it rained. Thereafter tremendous showers fell for nearly a whole week, to the relief of the population. At last the rain became excessive and threatened a flooding of the town and destruction of the crops. The headman came once more to Meher Baba and begged him to stop the rain. Almost immediately, it is said, the showers came to an end.

Meher Baba was born in 1894 in Poona, India, and was the son of a respectable Parsee family, which means that he is of Persian descent. He is learned in the philosophy of the famous philosopher Zoroaster, but experts in the higher lines of mysticism in all Oriental countries belong to the same union. While he was a student at the University of Bombay, an old Mohammedan woman fakir became his spiritual guide.

One day, as she sat under the "nimb-tree," where she was a familiar figure to the people of Poona, she called to him. He obeyed her and thereupon, he says, she embraced him and immediately he felt "a psychic and spiritual thrill."

He abandoned his college course and devoted himself to the study of mysticism and acquiring "Yoga." He traveled all over India visiting the mysterious cave temples of the Himalaya Mountains, the sacred shrines of Benares, and out-of-the-way centers of mysticism in the south. During his wanderings he came into contact with "Yogis," "Rishies" and magicians. Eight years ago he took a vow of silence and has not spoken since, while once he fasted for five-and-a-half months. He communicates with English speaking people by means of a cardboard on which is printed the English alphabet, pointing with his forefinger to the different letters and thus composing words.

He has long, silky hair which falls in waves to his shoulders and gives him a very "holy" look. His eyes beam with a light that is supposed to have a magical effect.

The "Messiah" is now in England and expects eventually to reach the United States. It is said he plans to establish a colony at Harmon, New York, something like that which the Mahatma Ghandi maintains in India. He announced his intention to break down all religious barriers, destroy American materialism, and amalgamate all creeds into a common element of love.

He admitted that he could perform all sorts of miracles because, as he said, anyone who becomes "one with truth" can accomplish anything. But he was reticent as to the particular miracles he would perform. If Meher Baba undertakes miracles in the United States, he will be watched very carefully. He has been advised that not all Americans are easily fooled.

The word "Baba," applied to this holy man and others, is a title of respect in many oriental countries and has a meaning something like "Father" or "Reverend." His full name is Shri Sadguru Meher. He belongs to the class of advanced mystics known as Yogis, which means that they have reached a certain degree of proficiency in the philosophy of Yoga. To do this they must go through a long course of stunts and exercises which impress people very much and are supposed to give them control over matter and enable them to do supernatural things. The Hindu word "Yoga" means union and is defined by the Encyclopedia Britannica as "diversion of the senses from the external world and concentration of thought within."

A famous Indian Yogi named Narasingha Swami, noted for his ability to eat poison, recently came to a tragic end. The Yogi died in a British hospital in Rangoon, Burma, as a result of eating at a public exhibition a handful of crushed glass, a teaspoonful of nitric acid, several times a fatal dose of strychnine, a similar dose of potassium cyanide, and finally, by way of dessert, a spoonful of sulphuric acid.

It was the strychnine, hospital doctors report, that ended the Yogi's career. According to the report, he survived all the other poisons, but for some reason the strychnine acted more strongly than usual. The Yogi, it was said, had been accustomed for several years to make his living by eating in public these same poisons in equal or greater amounts. The real secret of how he did the trick was not revealed.

The reason why the last assortment proved fatal is said by the Yogi's manager to have been the accidental omission on the fatal day of the mental and physical exercises prescribed for experts in Yoga, and which the Yogi was accustomed to carry out before all of his poison-eating feats.

Most statements that Yogis and other Hindu ascetics can perform genuine miracles, such as raising the dead, are found to rest on popular report and not on the evidence of scientific Western witnesses. The superstition of the people is unlimited. Lowell Thomas mentions a remarkable Hindu fakir named Saddhu Bisudhanan Dhan whom he visited at Puri, and who was widely credited with having the power of raising the dead. A native government official told the American visitor that he saw the fakir bring to life two birds which had been thoroughly strangled and dead four hours.

When Mr. Thomas visited the fakir, he says he saw him take a piece of clean cotton and by focusing the sunlight on it cause it to smell successively of violets, attar of roses and a native scent. Mr. Thomas did not see the fakir raise the dead.

Swallowing fire is reported to be a common accomplishment of the ascetics, but the magician Houdini has shown that this can be done sufficiently well to impress ordinary people by soaking the mouth thoroughly with spirits of sulphur.

Enduring snake bites and swallowing scorpions are other reported Yogi stunts. There is a lack of satisfactory proof that the reptiles had their venom, but in any case magicians have proved that there are several effective ways of protecting the body against snake-bite.

There are 84 principal postures called "asanas," which the Yogi practices in order to obtain complete control of the body and impress the public. They are said to unite the Yogi with the powers controlling the universe and help him to perform miracles. The asanas look difficult and require a special diet. There is an old Hindu saying that it is easier to stand on the sharpened edges of razors than to follow the Yogi discipline.

One of them, known as "sirahasana," consists of reposing head downward as long as possible under the shade of a tree. This is only one of the simpler asanas. It is said to be excellent for the circulation of the veins. Another exercise called nauli consists of moving the muscles of abdomen and stomach independently and overcomes intestinal stasis. There seems to be no doubt that the asanas are first-class stretching exercises.

A posture called veda-purana consists in lying stretched out on the left side with the right leg curled around the back of the neck in a position which few Americans could assume. One ascetic assumes this position in the middle of a narrow Calcutta street, thus requiring a detour by taxis and other wheeled vehicles that wish to pass.

In one posture the ascetic supports himself entirely on his hands with his legs curled up off the ground. Some Yogis curl their legs behind their backs in such intricate knots that it is hard to tell where they begin and end. Such postures cannot be attained by an ordinary grown person, but it is stated that an American contortionist could accomplish them if he began young.

Resting upon the head and hands with the legs held up in the air calls for an advanced degree of skill. Among the 84 postures, 34 have been credited with much more merit than the rest. The excellence of some of the 34 postures is due to the mental power they are supposed to give. Others are alleged to cure certain physical ills or to check undesirable tendencies through control of nerves and organs.

In India, Yogis have an unwritten right to live and sleep in any spot in the open air which they choose. They are never prosecuted for vagrancy. Meher Baba usually occupies a cave with a wide entrance so that everybody can see him.

The perfect Yogi is said to be able to make himself invisible, to fly through the air, and to possess other unusual accomplishments. It is predicted that this "Messiah" will not try any of these "miracles" in front of the sharp eyes of American scientists.

Meher Baba has no sympathy with modern civilization—he believes man should spend his life in contemplation and spiritual development. The Yogis perform no useful, practical service to mankind. If, down through the ages, everybody had been a Yogi sitting in contemplation of spiritual matters there would have been very little practical progress of mankind; things would be somewhat as they were in cave-man days. Disease, famine and misery would still sweep the world as it did in earlier ages and as, indeed, it does now in India, which is known as the most backward and unenlightened country in the world.

A Yogi Practicing a Comparatively Simple "Asana," or Holy Posture—Standing on Hands With Legs Off the Ground. This Helps to Fix His Mind on Spiritual Things.

One of the More Difficult "Asanas" by Which the Yogis Assert They Attain the Power to Perform Miracles.

In This Contortion the Mystic Is Trying to Acquire Control Over Matter.

This Holy Man Is Attaining Bodily Purity by Going Without Food—the Less He Eats the More Spiritual He Becomes.

The Head Downward Position Said to Be Very Effective in Purifying the Blood and Checking Worldly Desires.

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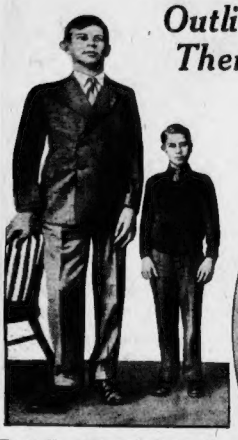
Why Husky-Looking People Die Young

Science Finds Four Types of Persons Who Seem in Exuberant Health But Really Are Not Robust—and Why the Sickly Ones So Often Outlive Them



Type No. 1—Apparently Strong and Robust, but With a Skeleton That Has Grown Too Rapidly for His Arteries and Internal Organs to Keep Apace. Robert Wadlow, the 14-Year-Old Boy of Alton, Illinois, With an Average-Sized Chum Who Is Three Months Older Than He Is and Has Much Better Chance of Living to a Ripe Old Age.

The Opposite of Miss Russell—Ninon de Lenclos, Who at 85 Appeared Like a Woman of 35 and Behaved Accordingly, and in Whom, Apparently, Muscles and Nervous System Were All Perfectly Balanced.

Type No. 2—The Late President Theodore Roosevelt, the Full-Blooded, Bull-Necked, Thick-Bodied Kind in Which the Nervous Control Is Not Perfectly Balanced by the Muscular, and Who Died at the Comparatively Early Age of 61.

Type No. 4—Thomas Shevlin, Yale's Famous Football Captain and Strong Man, Who Never Had a Day's Illness and for Whom Everyone Predicted a Long Life, but Who Died in His Early Thirties of an Illness Most Men Muscularly Weaker Would Have Recovered From.

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., Who Was Given Up by His Doctor at the Age of 55, and Now at 93 Still Plays Golf and Has Seen His Pessimistic Physician Buried. He Has a Well-Balanced Bodily Machinery Which Has Survived His More Robust-Looking Contemporaries.

Type No. 3—The Late Lillian Russell, Who *Was Always Well, and Who Kept Going, Full of Energy and Ambition, Until a Few Days Before Her Death at 60.*

It Is Suggested That Instead of *Strong, Sturdy,* Healthy Children Being Encouraged in Strenuous Physical Exercise, Such as Basketball, the Weaker Children Be Trained in This, So That the Husky Children *May* Not Suffer From Overdeveloped Muscular Systems and the Weaker Ones' *Entire System* May Be Toned Up.

IT USED to be commonly believed "whom the gods love die young," but modern science is not satisfied with this explanation of the well-known fact that robust-looking men, women and children collapse and die from tuberculosis, pneumonia, heart disease and many other ailments which persons of much less healthy appearance survive without difficulty.

In every factory and every large office force it is remarked with astonishment that the big husky chap who was reported sick suddenly died of his pneumonia or his operation, while the pale-faced, feeble-looking chap who was stricken returned to his machine or his desk in due time. Among the school children, the heavy, healthier-looking child is likely to be the one who falls the earliest and most sudden victim of a mild epidemic of childhood infection that is going around.

And the reverse of this is well-known in everybody's experience. The delicate child nobody thought would live long, lives to survive the usual list of ailments of infancy and childhood. All through life this delicate child may be a thin, anemic, or even sickly individual and yet live on year after year until he is ninety or one hundred. Never in exuberant health, but never really sick enough to die, these individuals outlive their husky-looking friends and neighbors.

Struck by these facts, which of course are known to all medical men, Dr. Nicola Pende, medical director of the University of Genoa, Italy, began to study this curious phenomenon. After careful examination of medical statistics, his own patients and hospital records, Dr. Pende concludes that there are two quite different kinds of robustness and good health. One of these is true robustness and actually does promise a long and healthy career, the other is a false robustness and serves only to deceive the victim and his family, and perhaps his doctors, as to his real bodily weakness. Sooner or later this false robustness collapses and the individual is likely to die with considerable suddenness.

Pursuing his studies and statistics still further, the Italian scientist is able to classify four different kinds of this false robustness, and he gives rules by which such cases can be recognized and warned of their weakness. A true robustness, which means real perfection of health, is a proper balance of all the bodily systems, habits and activities. For perfect health, no one system, like the muscular system, must be allowed to get out of balance with the rest. Such a well-balanced individual has a true and stable bodily equilibrium. An infection with germs, or any other small accident, may perhaps tip over one of the really healthy individuals for a few days or weeks, but soon the natural health equilibrium reasserts itself and the person comes back on his feet again.

But the husky-looking person who has a false robustness is usually the victim of some lack of balances of the forces or characters of the body. This may not be apparent to him or his friends, and the very element of his weakness may be completely hidden by what appears to be physical robustness. If the muscular system, for example, has been overdeveloped, as happens in many overtrained athletes, other parts of the bodily machinery have not kept pace, but his broad shoulders and big muscles give a false picture of robust health. He is a lop-sided, unbalanced machine, in a condition ready for an easy upset.

One example of the contrary condition, a person really robust although he did not seem so, probably was Abraham Lincoln. Persons who knew the great President in his lifetime report that he was never really healthy, that he was subject to fits of melancholy and that most people probably would have predicted for him neither any great fame nor the strength necessary for the trials of public office. Yet under mental and physical strains during the war years which would have broken down most men, Lincoln survived and might have lived to a great age had it not been for the assassin's bullet.

Another similar example is old John D. Rockefeller, still alive and happy after having been given up a generation ago by a large assortment of doctors. He does not look or seem robust, but evidently he is.

There is some reason, indeed, to consider this kind of true robustness which does not appear that way as a positive asset in a career and for a long life. One of the most infirm men in the last century was Charles Darwin, originator of the theory of natural selection and considered by the majority of scientific men as the greatest scientist of his time. Darwin himself attributed much of his success as a scientist to the fact that his health nearly always was bad and that he was compelled to save his strength and to spend it on only a few items, thus forcing a concentration on his life work in the theory of evolution. Ill as he seemed to be, Darwin lived to be 73 years old.

William James, the great American psychologist, was another example, a man ill all his life and whose life, as a young man, was despaired of by the doctors but who lived nevertheless to do what psychologists consider to be some of the best work ever done in that science, and who died at the by no means youthful age of 68.

One of the four types of false robustness includes the bulky, overgrown children. Most parents know that there are dangers lying in wait for children that grow too rapidly both in height and in weight. It is a common experience that these members of a family are likely by disease soon to be laid low by disease.

Applying this theory of lack of balance in these cases, Dr. Pende believes that the trouble is a too great development of the growth impulses of the body, while other things are not able to keep pace. The bones grow rapidly perhaps and the rest of the frame must stretch out accordingly, although the arteries or other organs are not really prepared for such sudden enlargement. One item, in particular, that seems to fall behind and become deficient is the machinery by which the body resists infections by germs, probably chiefly the part of this germ-repelling machinery which exists in the blood and includes the white corpuscles.

In any event, ability to repel germs seems to be below normal in these tall, gawky or over-fat youngsters, so that an epidemic of influenza or pneumonia or even of relatively simple children's diseases is apt to carry them off. There seems to be some tendency, too, for the dreaded germs of infantile paralysis to attack by preference children who seem especially vigorous and healthy, rather than to concentrate on children already weak and ill.

A perfect example of this type is Robert Wadlow, of Alton, Ill., whose picture beside a normally-sized classmate in shown on this page.

Another kind of person whose system is out of balance and who has a kind of false robustness which really is dangerous includes those who are full-blooded, red-faced, thick of body, bull-necked and frequently very strong in the muscles. Again, the purely physical side of these individuals has become over-developed while the nervous controls and the systems of eliminating wastes are underdeveloped. These are out of balance.

These people have good appetites and good digestions. They eat more food than they need; enough, perhaps, for men twice their size. The result is too great a load on the relatively undeveloped blood system and on organs for the elimination of wastes, like the kidneys. It is a well-known medical fact, Dr. Pende asserts, that such individuals are especially likely to develop sudden disease of the arteries or of the kidneys, diseases which frequently carry off such persons with shocking rapidity. The late President Roosevelt was an example of this type.

Third of Dr. Pende's groups whom he believes to be endangered by an unbalanced condition of health and who accordingly are to be classed as among the falsely robust, are the elderly people who keep going too long and too rapidly. These are the old men and women of whom their friends remark that so-and-so is still in "perfect health." They are the individuals of 60 or 65 who work at their offices with energy often astonishing to individuals a generation younger, until one day they suddenly collapse and either die promptly or spend the rest of their lives as fretful invalids.

The thing that is out of balance in these cases is the set of nerves which connects all of the organs of the body, including the heart and the blood vessels, to the unconscious part of the brain; nerves that physicians classify as the "sympathetic" nervous system. These nerves do not carry perceptible messages, as do the nerves of touch or of pain or of special senses like eyes or ears. Neither do they carry voluntary orders, like the nerves that move the muscles of a walker or of the eyes of the person who reads this page. They do carry, however, extremely important messages, for all that these are unconscious, directing, for example, the workings of the digestive organs, of the arteries and veins and of many other essential parts of the bodily machinery.

In some people, Dr. Pende finds, this sympathetic nervous system seems to be permanently over-stimulated, so that the victims of this kind of unbalance are too active, nervous and energetic. They are carried off presently by such diseases as germ infections and hardening of the arteries.

Lillian Russell, who used to boast she never had a day's illness, was an excellent example of this kind of apparently robust people. She was full of energy and ambition up to within a few days of her unexpected death at 60. On the other hand, Ninon de Lenclos at 85 looked and acted like a woman of 35—her whole system was perfectly balanced.

Finally, probably best known of all the kinds of persons who show a false robustness are the athletes and exceptionally strong and active people who suddenly break down and die, usually from diseases like influenza or pneumonia. It is not uncommon to see the news that some former athlete, always believed to be in perfect health, is struck down and dead within two or three days.

Often this is ascribed to some strain on the heart or other organ, acquired in former athletic sports. Dr. Pende says no. The real trouble with these individuals, he believes, is a lack of balance. Their muscular system has been developed too much and too fast. It is ahead of other parts of the body, just as the long bones of the very tall child are stretching other bodily structures beyond the point of real health. It often happens in the over-athletic group also that the blood system and the system for elimination of wastes are among the first to fall under the unstable equilibrium. That is why these former athletes so often suffer from heart trouble, artery trouble or rheumatism.

They also seem to succumb quickly to pneumonia, due no doubt to the strain they have put on their hearts. An example of this type was Thomas Shevlin, football hero of Yale. Apparently he was in perfect physical condition, yet he died in a few hours from pneumonia. He was only 34 years old. John D. Rockefeller, Sr., who was given up to die at 55, is still playing golf at the age of 93.

If Dr. Pende is right it is obvious that health efforts in schools and colleges need to be revised. Instead of trying to construct for everyone a powerful set of muscles and instead of urging everyone to go in for some kind of college sport, such efforts ought to be confined to the students who are poorly developed physically.

Boys and girls already well and with strong muscles should be kept away from athletics and urged to take up other things which might aid a more even and well-rounded development. If athletics is to be of benefit to its participants, athletic teams should be made up of the weakest and least muscular members of a school or college and should be forbidden to the boys and girls already proficient in such sports.

The most important thing that Dr. Pende recommends, however, is that family physicians, parents, employers and others responsible in some degree for the welfare of their fellow human beings should learn that there exist these kinds of false robustness and should know how to recognize them, at least to the extent of having a competent medical examiner see just how far the imagined robustness is real.

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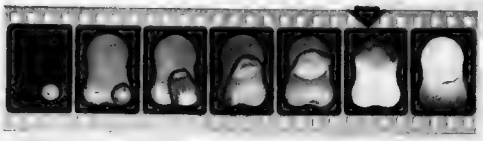
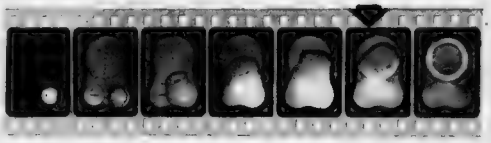
Look INSIDE YOUR ENGINE

See the difference Ethyl makes



ORDINARY GASOLINE burns *unevenly*—wastefully! Follow the pictures from left to right. First the spark. Then the gasoline starts to burn. Its flame spreads. Notice the "carbon yellow" behind the flame. In the sixth picture—knock—all the remaining gasoline exploded at once. The last picture shows nothing but afterglow. Knock has wasted the gasoline that should be working now.



ETHYL GASOLINE burns *evenly*—completely. Notice the absence of "carbon yellow" even in the first three pictures. As combustion progresses, the difference becomes greater. Ethyl does not knock. It is not all burned until the last picture is over. This means that its greatest power is available when the piston is going down—the time when power counts most in the performance of your car.

IF YOU could peep through the iron walls of your engine, you would see one of the most interesting sights of science. In only a fraction of a second a fiery tornado sweeps into each single cylinder—throws out power to drive your car—and disappears again.

But there's a world of difference between the power that ordinary gasoline gives and the power that Ethyl Gasoline gives.

To see this difference, engineers put a quartz window in the cylinder head of a modern engine and took high-speed photographs of the actual combustion of motor fuels. Look at the two strips of pictures above. They prove the difference Ethyl makes. At the left, you see ordinary gasoline wasting force in a violent burst of heat. You see the uneven explosion that causes harmful knock, overheating, "carbon yellow" and loss of power. You see what happens in *your* car when you use ordinary gasoline. At the right you see how Ethyl burns—smoothly, evenly!

The new high compression cars *require* Ethyl Gasoline, and in turn give more power for every gallon used. Older cars find Ethyl a real economy because it restores lost power. Stop at the pump that bears the Ethyl emblem—fill up with Ethyl Gasoline—and *feel* the difference Ethyl makes in *your* car. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York.

Buy ETHYL GASOLINE

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Nearly every leading oil refiner in North America now adds Ethyl fluid to tested *good* gasoline to form Ethyl Gasoline. On the highways Ethyl pumps outnumber pumps selling any other brand of motor fuel. Today more than one pump in five bears the Ethyl emblem.

Once Ethyl is put in your car, you know immediately that it is *more* than gasoline. It is *good* gasoline *plus* Ethyl fluid. Inside the engine, Ethyl fluid controls the combustion of gasoline; *makes* it burn smoothly and evenly, bringing out the *full* power and the best performance of your motor *every* minute you drive.

Give your car this helping hand

On hills where you formerly had to shift, Ethyl Gasoline will carry you up in high. In traffic, Ethyl gives your the double help of *quick* pick-up when the light is green—and a smooth, quiet *moderate* speed when the road ahead is crowded.

To give you even greater value for your gasoline money—to bring out the full performance of *any* car, no matter how high its compression or how modern its motor—the oil companies marketing Ethyl have just raised its anti-knock standard and all-round quality. This even better Ethyl is now on sale at Ethyl pumps on every highway and byway in North America. Stop at one of these pumps today, fill up with Ethyl Gasoline and *feel* the difference it makes.

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Controls Combustion

GOOD GASOLINE + ETHYL FLUID = ETHYL GASOLINE

The quality of Ethyl Gasoline is maintained by laboratory inspection of samples collected daily. Ethyl fluid contains lead.

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By A "Gunman's

Margaret Murray, Who Was the "Bright E for Stephen Sweeney's Hold-Up Gang, R

Life in th Hunted, M With D Alwa

WHITE Photo

Margaret Murray, the Lookout for Steve Sweeney's Notorious Hold-Up Gang.

Hidden in the Thicket Near the Road in Van Cortlandt Park, Vivian Gordon's Body Was Found. She Had Paid the Penalty of Threatening to "Squeal"—Tell What She Knew About Some of Her Acquaintances in the Underworld.

Anna Lonergan and "Wild Bill" Lovett. Two Husbands and a Brother of Anna, One After Another, Were Dropped Into Their Graves by Gangster Bullets.

Steve Sweeney, Leader of the Gang Which Pulled Off More Than 500 Hold-Ups in and Around New York City.

Photo INTL

Frederick Schoenhardt and Harold McCormick, Members of the Steve Sweeney Gang, Who Killed Sweeney, Their Leader. This Photograph Was Taken at the Scene of the Killing on Long Island, Where the Police Took Them to Re-enact the Crime.

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veals the truth of g
utterly inadequate
be escaped.

Secrecy is the only safeguard the criminal has. If his companions are to be allowed to tell their secrets to the police, no one is safe. The "squealer" must die.

I committed the unpardonable crime—one thing that cannot be forgiven. I told the police about the men who had killed the man I loved, and I went to court and testified against them. I am through with gangsters and gunmen — but they may not be through with me. Indeed, many a woman of the underworld has been executed for much less reason. Vivian Gordon was "taken for a ride" before she got a chance to tell anything. If my lips had been closed by knife, poison or a pistol bullet the night Steve Sweeney was shot to death, I do not believe Harold McCormick and Freddy Schoenhardt would now be in their cells in Sing Sing.

I remember in the Arabian Nights that Sinbad, the Sailor, landed in some queer country where the custom was to kill and bury the wife if the husband died. Well, it isn't so different in the underworld.

When a gangster "King" passes into oblivion, usually his "Queen" goes along with him, or very shortly thereafter. A rather remarkable exception to the rule is Anna Lonergan, who, as Anna Lonergan Lovett and Anna Lonergan Lovett Martin, has been linked with the bloody struggle of rival gangs along the Brooklyn waterfront, which has been going on for years.

Her name first came into news and police prominence by murder, and it has been kept there by murder and attempted murder off and on ever since.

The first we knew that Anna Lonergan existed came when her mother shot her father Mrs. Lonergan claimed that her husband, the drunken owner of a bicycle shop, had beaten Anna's mother once too often. She was locked up along with her son, "Peg Leg" Lonergan, leader of the White Hand gang of hoodlums, and "Wild Bill" Lovett, dock racketeer and gangster.

Anna, blonde and pretty in a cheap way, was one of her mother's star witnesses, and assisted in securing Mrs. Lonergan's acquittal. Pretty soon Gangster Lovett found himself in jail, charged with carrying a pistol. Anna appeared as a witness for him, and he was turned loose.

A few hours after Lovett was released he and Anna were married.

"Wild Bill" Lovett was acknowledged "King" of the Brooklyn waterfront gangs. He had been cited for bravery in France, and received an

By Margaret Murray

Who Was the "Bright Eyes" for Stephen Sweeney's Gang, Which Raided More Than 500 New York Speakeasies.

CHAPTER I.

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THE underworld of crime speaks a language that only criminals and the police understand. A pistol is a "gat," a "rod," a "torch" or a "cannon," a victim who is to be murdered is "taken for a ride," and the girl member of the gang who is on watch outside the scene of operation is known as "Bright Eyes."

I was "Bright Eyes."

Circumstances, which I will explain later, rather drifted me into partnership in the outfit. I was young and infatuated with the daring and resourcefulness of Stephen Sweeney, the brains and leader. He was called "Four Gun" Sweeney, and it is true that he did carry four automatic pistols.

"We are really helping the police," he argued. "You know it's against the law to sell booze. The police raid the speakeasies and the judge fines 'em. Me and my gang raid the speakies, and I collect the fines—saves time for the cops and the courts."

"But you might get caught," I said.

"Not likely. We stick to our own line—nothing but speakies. They are all running against the law and can't afford to make a fuss. There's dozens of speakies held up every night in this town, but you don't read of any complaints—unless somebody gets shot."

"That's just it," I replied. "You're liable to get shot."

"That ain't likely, either," Steve Sweeney insisted, and then he explained how the gang worked.

In the underworld mostly all crooks have a specialty—just as in the labor world a man is a carpenter, or bricklayer, or painter, or ironworker. Painters don't do plumbing and carpenters don't lay bricks.

If a man is a burglar he wouldn't think of getting into a subway crowd to steal watches or pocketbooks. And a pickpocket would never set out with an outfit of burglar's tools to rob a house.

Sweeney explained this to me, and among his friends were some burglars who used to drop in to call on us and talk over their line of business. But they never for a moment thought of doing any hold-ups. Of course, in our circle of acquaintances there were other specialists, but they always kept to their specialty.

"Now, I've picked the easiest and surest line of all," Steve said. "We might hold up a man on the street and get only a few dollars and his watch. Or tackle a branch bank and get shot up. But a speakeasy always has money—they're taking it in over the bar all the time, and most of 'em run a restaurant business, too. And the waiters bring the money to the bartender to ring up in the cash register.

"Besides this there are the people drinking at the bar and the others eating at the tables. Sometimes we get more from the customers than from the cash register. You never can tell."

"Yes; and 'you never can tell' if there's a cop taking his drink at the bar," I said, shaking my head.

"Sure—and I've had that happen often; sometimes two or three of 'em. But you take a policeman with a drink in one hand and maybe a cigar in the other, and stick a gun in his face and he'll 'reach for the ceiling' with both hands just as quick as anybody else, when you tell him to."

"But suppose somebody don't do like you think he will?" I asked, with misgivings.

"Well, now, anybody that has a gun stuck in his face and don't hold up his hands when he's told to—well, he's just committing suicide," Steve said, evasively.

I shuddered as I seemed to remember reading about hold-ups and shootings, where some quick cop got his gun out and killed one or two of the hold-up gang. But it was no use arguing with Steve Sweeney. He had an answer for everything I brought up. I thought it was a very dangerous business; he didn't. But neither of us imagined that the shooting which was to stretch him out lifeless would be done by his own gangsters.

As Steve and I seemed to get nowhere in our arguments, he decided to get me into his gang almost without my knowing it.

"It's a nice night, Margie, and we're going out to drive around and get some air. Will you come along?" he asked me one evening. "Harold and Freddy have hired a car."

It was a lovely night, and we drove around the park and up Riverside Drive and down Fifth Avenue. We stopped once or twice and had some drinks. Then we turned into a side street, and Steve drew the car up to the curb in the middle of the block.

"We're going in to see some friends I promised to meet; but it isn't a very nice joint. You just sit here in the car, and we'll be back in a few minutes." And the three went off out of sight around the corner.

In about twenty minutes they came strolling back, and as Sweeney started the car he tossed a $50 bill into my lap. I looked at him inquiringly, and he said:

"That's for being a nice girl and waiting here all alone."

I suspected what had happened, and next day he told me they had held up a speakeasy around the corner, a block and a half away.

Two nights later Steve arrived with a car and the same two members of his gang—Harold McCormick and Freddy Schoenhardt.

"It's too nice an evening to sit in the house," he said, cheerfully. "Come along and we'll take a drive around."

After a time he drew up at a corner and carefully placed the car so he could see four ways; up and down the avenue and up and down the side street.

"If any cop comes along to look you over, tell him your friends went into a speakie to get a drink, and you're waiting for them. We'll be back in a few minutes. We won't be long," he said.

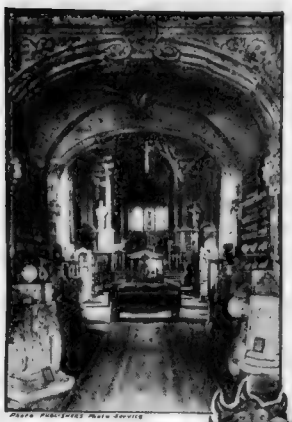
I saw them disappear in a doorway in the middle of the block, and watched anxiously until they came out again and walked briskly to the car. Of course I knew what they were doing. In another moment we were off, and Steve turned to me and said:

"Now you're 'Bright Eyes,' and one-quarter of what's in our pockets belongs to you."

So I was a member of a hold-up gang! I was its "Bright Eyes," and I had been initiated gently. I would be told of other duties that went with the job. It seemed so simple and easy. But the anxieties, miseries and horrors of life as a "gangster's moll" I was to find out later. Easy and care-free—well, perhaps, it would have been better for me if I, too, had been "put on the spot," as so many another "gangster's moll" has been. Indeed, I may, at this very moment, be marked to be "taken for a ride." If you read of Margaret Murray's body being found alongside some quiet road on Long Island or in the bushes in Bronx Park, you will understand that I have been tried, convicted and executed according to the laws of the underworld.

Seeking the Bones of the Old German Hero Siegfried

Evidence That the Picturesque Warrior of Composer Wagner's Operas Really Lived Sets the Spades of Archeologists Working to Uncover His Grave and the Treasure of Attila, the Terrible Hun, Who Married One of His Widows



Part of the Museum of Worms, Germany, Where Ancient Documents Have Been Found Indicating That the Hero Siegfried Once Actually Lived.

Siegfried Killing the Dragon. From the Painting by K. Dielitz.

Siegfried's Foilowers Carrying His Body to Its Secret Tomb, Which Is Now Thought to Be Somewhere in Lorsch, Near the Ancient City of Worms, Germany. From Painting by T. Biris, European Artist.

Brunnhilde Being Placed Within the Magic Fires by the God Wotan—But Now Brunnhilde Is Thought to Have Been an Actual Princess of Ancient Iseland, the Modern Zealand, and One of Siegfried's Many Wives.

BERLIN, April 28.

A STRANGE organization has been formed for the purpose of keeping up the national spirits of Germany in the present crisis. It is called the Siegfried-Kriemhild League, and its principal object is to recover the bones of the national hero Siegfried, the greatest figure in Wagner's operas and the subject of many old legends.

Siegfried is reputed by legend to have been 8 feet 2 inches high, and it is thought the discovery that their early hero was really of gigantic proportions will stir the youth of Germany to heroic endeavors. Moreover Siegfried's wooing of the beautiful Brunnhilde is symbolic of the awakening of Nature by the Spring, and it is hoped that interest in this noble theme will cause a revival of the natural forces of Germany. If it is found that he had several wives, the object of the League will not be defeated.

The Siegfried-Kriemhild League has begun the excavation of a spot which is believed to be the burial place of the hero. This spot is situated at Lorsch, near the ancient town of Worms in the Palatinate. It is a beautiful place on the banks of the little River Weschnitz, two and a half miles from the point where this river joins the romantic Rhine. Evidence that Siegfried was actually buried there was found in ancient manuscripts which had been accumulating dust for centuries in the Museum of Worms.

There is little question that the story of Siegfried is based to a large extent on fact. He is believed to have been a prince of a country on the Rhine. A prehistoric myth has generally been confused with persons and events of a later time. The real Siegfried lived at the same time as the terrible Attila, King of the Huns, who did more than any man to destroy the Roman Empire.

Wagner based his operas of "Siegfried" and the Nibelungen series chiefly on Norse mythology, but there are German versions of the story of Siegfried's life which name more precise localities and persons in Germany. It is in these versions, some of which were unearthed in the Worms Museum, that the promoters of the new League are most interested.

They will try to find the original text of the Nibelung story or at least earlier versions than those known. They are stimulating the search by offering handsome prizes. They will explore the old monasteries of Passau, because many scholars believe the legend was first written out here by the monks of this old city.

While some skeptics assert that the Siegfried legend is mainly invention, and that nothing practical can come of the search for relics of the hero, it is pointed out that the same kind of people believed that Heinrich Schliemann would never find any worthwhile vestiges of ancient Troy. This enthusiast dreamed from his youth of discovering the legendary city, and finally his dream came true, to such an extent that he laid bare immense treasures of ancient civilization, acquired great wealth and inaugurated a line of research that has continued to the present day.

Closely connected with the Siegfried search will be the excavation of the supposed ruins of Attila's castle at Gran, near Budapest, in Hungary. Attila was undoubtedly a real character, but his existence is veiled in legend. He is said to have taken as one of his wives, Gudrun, who was one of the widows of Siegfried. The ruins of a vast and ancient castle still stand near Gran, which was the capital of Hungary in ancient times. It will be interesting to find out if this was actually occupied by the terrible Attila. This city was part of his dominions back in the fifth century when he was threatening to overrun the Roman Empire.

There is a doubt whether the old castle really belonged to Attila, and it will be part of the investigators' work to decide this question. The archaeologists connected with the League are working on various "Nibelung trails." One of them will be under the direction of Professor Sommer, of the University of Giessen, who will excavate the ruins at Gran.

According to the legend of the Nibelungs, Siegfried was a Prince of Niderland, on the lower Rhine, near the present border of Germany and Holland. Through various adventures he became the possessor of the famous treasure guarded by a race of hideous dwarfs, the Nibelungs. He wooed Brunnhilde, a Princess of Isiland, supposed to be what is now Zealand, for king Gunther, whose sister, Kriemhild, became Siegfried's wife. He was afterwards treacherously slain, and the treasure was sunk in the Rhine.

Wagner's opera, through which the character of Siegfried is made familiar to most people, differs from the medieval German legend, because it was mainly based on Norse mythology. Siegfried slew the terrible dragon, Fafner, and bathed in its blood, whereby his skin became as hard as horn, except in one spot where a leaf intervened.

He vanquished the ancient royal race of the Nibelungs and took away their immense treasure of gold and gems. He wooed and won the beautiful Kriemhild, but was treacherously slain by the fierce and greedy Hagen, who was trying to steal the treasure of the Nibelungs. Hagen cleverly drew from Kriemhild the secret of the spot where Siegfried alone was mortal, and killed him by driving a lance between his shoulders during a hunt.

Siegfried was famed for a cape which rendered the wearer invisible, and for a wonderful sword named Balmung. The former he obtained from the dwarf Alberich; the latter he is said to have forged while a boy at a smith's in the depths of the primeval forest.

Wagner's opera makes much of this episode of the sword. Siegfried commands Mime, the dwarf, to bring him the shattered sword of his father with which he believes he can slay Fafner, the dragon who guards the treasure of the Nibelungs. Wotan enters and tells him that the sword can be repaired only by one who knows no fear.

"What is fear?" asks Siegfried. The dwarf tries to tell him by describing the dragon Fafner. Siegfried laughs and mends the sword. To show how good it is he strikes the dwarf's anvil and shivers it to pieces. The hero then seeks the dragon in his cavern and drives his sword into the monster's heart.

The Norse saga makes the union of Siegfried and Wotan's daughter, Brunnhilde, the last chapter in the reign of gods—"The Twilight of the Gods." The hero goes to the grassy mound where Brunnhilde lies asleep covered with a great shield and surrounded by fire. With a kiss he awakens her. Brunnhilde slowly revives, and she becomes a mortal. The Norse myth and the medieval German legend differ considerably, it will be seen, especially with regard to the affair between Siegfried and Brunnhilde. The Siegfried League will have its work cut out clearing up these obscure points.

The life of Attila the Hun is almost equally obscure, although there is no question that he existed. His kingdom covered Hungary and a great part of Central Europe. Many of the German tribes were subject to him, and it is possible that Siegfried was one of his subordinates.

Attila must have been a popular character in Germany at some time, as the frequency of the names Eitel and Etzel, which are forms of his own, testify. Attila laid waste the provinces of the Roman Empire south of the Danube between 442 and 447, exacting from the Emperor a tribute of six thousands pounds of gold and fixing the annual subsidy at two thousand pounds.

He claimed that the hand of the Emperor's sister, Honoria, had been promised him in marriage. He asserted that the promise had not been kept and made this an excuse for invading the western parts of the Roman Empire. He was met at Chalons in France by an army composed of Goths, Romans and others who did not wish to see Europe overrun by the Huns. There the greatest battle in all history is said by the old chroniclers to have taken place. More than 4,000,000 men were engaged.

The battle is described by the Gothic historian Jordanes as "ruthless, manifold, immense, obstinate." The Gothic king was slain, but the victory, though hardly earned, remained with his people and their allies. Attila retreated in good order to the Rhine, crossed that river and returned to his castle at Gran. The next year he again set forth to conquer Northern Italy. He captured and utterly destroyed Aquileia, the chief city of that region, and a number of other cities. It was during this campaign that fugitives from the sacked cities, seeking shelter in the lagoons of the Adriatic, founded Venice.

Attila was about to attack Rome, but was persuaded miraculously by Pope Leo I to withdraw and returned to one of his castles. The great city lived in continual dread of his return, but was saved, for he died suddenly and mysteriously in 453 in the night following a great banquet which celebrated his marriage with a damsel named Ildico. This does not conflict with the statement that Kriemhild, a widow of Siegfried, was one of his wives, for he had many of them.

Some interesting details of the great Hun's surroundings have been left by the Roman historian Priscus, who accompanied an embassy to his court. The finest apartment of his castle was the splendid banqueting hall, which held a thousand persons. Attila ate and drank from solid gold plate, a small part of the tribute he received from the Roman Empire. The historian says "he was short of stature, swarthy and broad-chested, with a large head and hair which early turned gray, snub nose and deep-set eyes. He walked with a proud step, darting a haughty glance this way and that as if he felt himself lord of all."

The members of the Siegfried-Kriemhild League will hunt for a great variety of objects—tombs, treasure, weapons, manuscripts, even bones. They entertain hopes of finding Siegfried with his magic sword and helmet. There is nothing unreasonable in the search for weapons of a thousand years ago. The arms and armor of the Black Prince and King Henry V still hang above their tombs in England and inspire modern Englishmen, and there are many authentic weapons of a much earlier date.

The search for relics of Attila will be made more alluring by legends that he was buried with vast quantities of treasure. What did he do with the six thousand pounds of solid gold that he took from the Roman Empire in one lump and the two thousand pounds annually that he received thereafter? It is not likely that he spent all of it, but it is most probable that he buried it after the manner of primitive nations to serve as a war chest and maintain his power.

There is a legend that he was interred surrounded with all his treasure and his wives and slaves, who were killed to keep him company. Perhaps the searchers will come upon the old Hun lying near the banquet table with the bones of the damsel who was his last companion by his side. The gold that was poured into the hands of Attila would be a welcome help towards restoring Germany's financial position.

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;Moll"

;yes" (the Lookout) .eveals Secrets of ie Underworld—a liserable Existence,)eath or Disaster ys Threatening

nd the gunman have been glorified in novels, in on the stage, and the women of these bandits, moll," are presented as care-free queens who stag- of jewels and furs.

urray, who was a gunman's "moll," draws quite a al life in the underworld. She was the "Bright for the gang and the sweetheart of the leader. essful bandit outfit and managed more than 500 k City without capture or serious casualties. le jealousies and conflicts arose inside the gang. leader, was executed by his own men. Margaret e man she loved was "taken for a ride." She e newspapers and the next day learned with rise, of the finding of his bullet-punctured body

st had the courage to defy the law of the under- police all about the killers and gave the testi- put two of the gang in Sing Sing. She now re- ngster life—a wretched existence, with rewards the risks, and a disastrous end which cannot

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norable discharge from the army. Since then had been credited by the police with four ngsters slayings, although never convicted.

Lovett was jealous of Anna and "mean" to yone who looked cross-eyed at her. But not r long. A little over three months after their arriage "Wild Bill" started out on a drinking rty with three men one evening.

The next morning his battered body, a bullet the neck, was found in a dingy waterfront ick. Whether his death was the result of a ngster feud or for love of Anna, the police ver discovered.

Less than a year later Anna married Matthew Matty") Martin, head of a band of hoodlums m the tough Red Hook section. With Anna seems to have inherited Lovett's leadership of e waterfront gangs.

. Anna had not been Mrs. Martin long before e was mixed up in another shooting. While alking along the street with her husband they ere approached by three men, who opened fire on them. Martin dropped with two bullets in s arm. Anna, who had received a bullet in r own arm, sprang at them, and they fled.

Quizzed by police, she refused to say whether e motive behind the attack was love or ven- ance. In fact, she had nothing whatever to say.

A little later "Peg Leg" Lonergan, Anna's other, was shot and killed with two other men a Brooklyn social club.

So in the short space of not many months, nna had been through quite a "baptism of fire." rst-Anna's papa was shot and killed by Anna's ama. Then Anna's husband was mowed down d moved along to the cemetery. Then Anna arried again; and as Anna's suitor was a ooter, she pretty well invited further experi- ices with guns and the things that come out of eir muzzles. And as might have been expected, r second husband was soon sprayed (but not lled) with gangster bullets, and Anna herself opped one in her arm. Then her one-legged other passed on to whatever reward was await- g him in the next world—hurried by gangster llets. Did Anna think that fate would now rn its attention away from her? Probably not.

She did not have long to wait before news as brought to her that if she hurried she might ve a chance to see her husband, "Matty" Mar- n, before he expired on the hospital bed, where e police had laid him out to die. Mr. Martin d been thoroughly punctured in a speakeasy, d there were holes in his liver and lungs which e doctors knew were fatal.

What a life among bullets and booze for nna! And the curious part of it all is that none f the outfit passed on to the electric chair. This unch of killers "bumped off" each other. It ot so very difficult to keep out of trouble from se police—but no gunman can escape death om other gunmen when they have marked him be "rubbed out."

The continual shootings among gangsters and e experiences of "gun-molls" like Anna Loner- an worried me a great deal. But Steve Sweeney nstantly reassured me—things like that uldn't happen in his outfit. And, of course, weeney's day came, as I had forebodings it ould; he died the usual gunman's death.

Our hold-up gang followed the same rules the her outfits follow. They stayed in the house during daylight and seldom went out until after dark. But this voluntary imprisonment wasn't so long every day, because hold-up bands are up all night and sleep till into the afternoon. Then we had coffee in the flat and had to pass the time until dark.

Gangsters don't do much reading, except about other gangsters. They read the papers and discuss the way jobs are pulled off, with approval or professional criticism. And then they wander around the flat like restless dogs that want to get out. Mostly they kill time by playing cards.

One afternoon in the flat the boys read of a lone stick-up man who had held up the Paramount Theatre on Broadway, right in the heart of the busy White Light district, and got away with four or five grand—that is, four or five thousand dollars. That gave Steve an idea.

"These Bright Light theatres must be easy to take. Let's take one tonight."

"Okay," said the boys. "When do we start?"

"Well, about 11 o'clock they seem to transfer money from the box office to the treasurer's office. These other guys seem to always work on the treasurer's office. Why not 'take' the box office out in front before the dough is carried inside?"

"Okay," said the boys.

But it seemed to me that they didn't say it very enthusiastically. But anyway, that night about 10:30 we started out in a car. I can't remember just what car we had that night. Steve was driving and I was sitting beside him. Freddy, Harold and some other fellow were in the back seat. We drove up to the Rialto Theatre, at Forty-second street. No one could pick out a more prominent place in the city of New York to attempt a stick-up. There were at least half a dozen traffic cops in Times Square, and no parking is permitted in that part of town at that hour of the night.

Anyway, Steve pulled the car up to the curb in front of the theatre, calmly got out of the driver's seat, passed in front of the car, and with his right hand on his gun in his overcoat pocket, started towards the box office. He turned around and found that the others had not moved from their seats, so he walked back to the car and said:

"Come on, you guys, are you going to back out now?"

"My God, Steve," one of them said, "we can't get away with this."

"Why not?" asked Sweeney. "Anything can be done once. Come on."

And he turned around and started towards the little cage out in front, in which a girl was sitting selling tickets for the midnight show. But the boys would not move. In the meantime one of the traffic cops was toot-toot-tooting with his whistle, which was a plain signal to move on. I knew that in a minute the cop would walk over to us. So I called to Steve:

"Do you hear that police whistle?"

He looked at the corner and saw that several traffic cops were eyeing our car, so he shrugged his shoulders, climbed back into the driver's seat and drove on. I thought sure one of the traffic cops would stop us and bawl us out. But I guess they just thought that we were hicks from the sticks and didn't know any better than to park in front of a theatre in a strictly "no parking" street.

This incident gave Steve a laugh on the other boys. I don't doubt for a minute that he would have gone through with that stick-up if he had had any backing at all. He argued that the very daring of the hold-up would have pulled it off successfully. He had planned to stick a gun in the face of the girl in the ticket cage, while one of the boys planted his "rod" in the big, fat bay-window of the man in the Russian Grand Duke's uniform who ballyhoos for the show out on the sidewalk. The other boys were to shoulder away any too inquisitive customers that might happen to be around the box office.

I think it was a crazy idea and the traffic cops would have got them or shot them sure. But I know in my heart and soul that Steve had the nerve to go through with it. It was lucky for him that the other boys were glued to that back seat of the car.

A little later somebody else had that same bold idea and tried it out at the Cameo Theatre, near the Rialto. Suddenly a man opened the door of the ticket seller's booth one evening and whispered to the girl inside, "Give me the cash—quick!" Turning her head, she saw the man and his gun, and she handed over the receipts—a few hundred dollars.

But as the man closed the door and started away the girl stepped out and yelled "Sto-op, thie-e-ef!" He ran and she ran after him. The crowd on the sidewalk took up the cry and a cop cracked him over the head with his nightstick. That ended the adventure.

I think the theatres up in the Broadway district take no chances now. They turn over their receipts to an armored car, with armed escort, that calls two or three times during the evening and takes the cash to an all-night bank.

But I was discussing what the hold-up gangsters do in the daytime.

For the most part the days are dreary and, like skunks and other prowling creatures of the night, the gangsters keep out of sight in their hideouts. There is, as I have said, a good deal of card playing to pass the time, and there is always plenty of liquor acquired from the various hold-ups. Having nothing else to do, the guns are carefully gone over every day, oiled and polished. Sometimes pistol practice goes on in the flat is at the top of the house and the noise of the shots cannot be heard in the street below.

But always, at all times, every member of the outfit is nervous and uneasy. If the bell rings or there is a knock at the door, everybody is instantly alert. But it is not the police that the gangsters are afraid of—it is the hired thugs of the speakies who may have tracked them down to beat them up or shoot them up.

Everybody knows that the banks have engaged the Pinkerton Detective Agency for many years to hunt down bank robbers. The jewelers also engage one of the big detective agencies to get on the trail of jewelry store robbers. And other business concerns group together and make yearly contracts for their protection.

But the speakeasies are at a disadvantage. As their business is contrary to law, they do not dare to complain to the police, and there is no use to hire a big private detective agency to run down stick-up men. This would mean the arrest of the hold-up men, and so the speakeasy people would have to go into court and give testimony which would put themselves in jail.

And so it comes about that the speakeasies secure for themselves a certain measure of protection by rather different methods. A group of them usually club together and engage the services of half a dozen tough gangsters. If a series of speakeasy hold-ups has been pulled off by the same gang, the speakie proprietors notify their gunmen and furnish descriptions of the men who have been raiding them.

These tough guys then begin sitting around in some of the speakies that have not yet been raided, hoping the outfit will turn up. In that case there may be a sudden and unexpected bunch of pistol shots from some table over in the corner before the stick-up men can line the people up against the wall.

Sometimes these hired thugs trail the stick-up gang into some place where the gangsters are sitting around having some drinks—some friendly hangout which the hold-up men never rob. After a night's work the gang is likely to round up in some friendly joint and have a few drinks and talk over the exploits of the evening. It is in these places where the hired protectors of the speakie proprietors sometimes find them and beat them up or shoot them up. And that is the explanation of most of the cases you read about in the newspapers where one or two or more gangsters were shot up in the back room of a speakeasy at three or four o'clock in the morning—they had been tracked down and executed by the hired gunmen of the speakies they had been tormenting. Police and reporters are puzzled—but the underworld knows exactly what happened.

But oftentimes these hounds track the gunmen to their hide-outs and deal with them in their own flats. And that is why stick-up men

Continued on Page 21

Sweeney, the Leader of the Gang, Decided to Hold Up the Rialto Theatre in the Very Heart of the Broadway White Light District. Sweeney Parked the Car at the Curb and, With His Right Hand on His Gun in His Overcoat Pocket, Started for the Little Cage Where the Girl Was Selling Tickets for the Midnight Show.

But the Rest of the Gang Remained in the Car—It Was Too Hazardous a Job in Plain Sight of Half a Dozen Traffic Cops, One of Whom Was Already Blowing His Whistle.

Margaret Murray Called Out to Him:

"Do you hear that police whistle?"

And Looking Around and Finding Himself Not Supported by the Rest of the Gang, He Shrugged His Shoulders, Crossed the Sidewalk, Climbed Into the Car and Drove On.

Some of the Knives, Pistols, Cartridges and Brass Knuckles Found by the Police in the Hide-Outs of the Sweeney Gang.

This Way To Happiness By Maysie Greig

The Gripping Story of a Modern Cinderella Who Thought She Could Get Along Without Love

"It's all right. I don't think we need worry. Noel will look after her," Lance Remarked.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

JANICE DEAN, a pretty, independent New York stenographer, singing for romance and the exciting luxuries of life, goes to Nice with Jerry Wilburn, a young Englishman who shatters her illusions and leaves her determined to guard well her heart rather than be hurt.

While in Nice she marries Wally Saunders, a middle-aged Englishman, and sails for Paris to run down and amuse Janice. The night before he arrives she is surprised to encounter Jerry Wilburn at the Casino. Jerry wishes it was that he had not left Janice alone.

Wanda Maitland, an English girl out to marry Noel, makes him down from Lance. Noel has almost decided that Wanda is the type of woman he can be happy with, when Janice realizes that Noel is in love with her and she with him, but she tries to play fair with Lance even though it breaks her heart. Lance sees her weeping on Noel's shoulder in a moment of weakness and begins to suspect that he has lost her.

Olive Devorn, Lance's masterful sister, hears of her brother's illness and arrives at the hotel with Elsa Needham, a childhood sweetheart of Lance's.

Lance finds Elsa attractive still, and her willingness to grow old complacently, most restful.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Drifting.

TEN days went by. Ten days, enough on the surface. Days of sunshine, bathing, the Casino occasionally at night. But beneath that surface strange things were happening.

Lance alternated a day up with a day in bed. Mrs. Devorn fussed after him, talked his ailment over loudly with whomsoever would listen to her, got everyone to recommend a specialist until the small notebook she carried around in her voluminous hand bag was crammed with names. Names of doctors who, for the most part, resided unfortunately in London, Paris, Berlin. Each day she would say to Elsa, "I must persuade Lance to come home at once. It's the only solution." Still, she didn't seem over energetic about going herself!

Elsa noticed that, while Olive still denounced the French and everything pertaining to them loudly and frequently, she seemed more than content to linger on. Though every time she saw a fresh batch of tourists arrive she'd remark scornfully, "And to think those fools could have stayed at home in England and had a really pleasant holiday!"

"Despite the weather, Olve?" Elsa would laugh.

Mrs. Devorn would snort. But, lately, she'd given up comparing the weather down here unfavorably with the British. Which showed she was beginning to weaken.

Elsa and Lance were seeing a fair amount of each other these days. Perhaps it was Lance's seeking. Or maybe they were both in some measure responsible. But it was fun picking up old threads, remembering odd incidents that had lain for years covered by memory's dust. Elsa had managed to establish their relationship on a natural friendly footing. Lance seemed to draw heart and warmth from it. Their viewpoint was the same about so many things. Having had the same background in childhood helped a lot. Besides, Elsa's quiet sense of humor seemed to bring to Lance a breath of sweet sanity. How grateful he was for it after the feverish hope and misery of the past weeks. Almost imperceptibly Elsa drew closer, Janice farther away. Daily she became more the stranger. A lovely gay creature who somehow had little place in his life. All the same he kept telling himself this wasn't as it should be. He must do something about it. But what could he do? And in the meantime he allowed Elsa to divert his thoughts. Pleasanter not to think.

If Lance was worried by the growing rift in their relationship, Janice was more worried. She was so terribly fond of him. True, she felt a little lost, rather like a child shut out from home. Daily the conviction grew stronger with her that Lance's changed attitude must be in some measure her fault. Did he know of her breakdown, when she had sobbed hysterically in Noel's arms that night? The thought that he might whipped her with mortification. She sensed how deeply it must have hurt him. That, of course, would account for the change in his manner. It might account, too, for something besides . . . something Janice didn't dare face. Anyhow, if she were responsible, she felt keenly it was up to her to repair the wrong. But how to do it? How to convince Lance she loved him when she didn't? How to convince him of anything so long as Noel was here?

Most of her time lately had been spent avoiding Noel. Sometimes not altogether successfully. The tension was terrible when they did meet. She felt at any moment it might snap, then where would she be? Of course, he had never said he loved her. She prayed he never would. But she had seen it in his eyes, heard it in his voice every time he spoke to her. She knew he would never tell her if he could possibly avoid it. Because of Lance. But, every moment they were together, she was fearful the dam of his self-control might break. She knew she would have to save them again, as she had saved them before. But had she the strength to do it now? Had she the strength ever to do it once he had admitted he loved her?

"It's awful," she kept repeating to herself. "Something has to be done. Something has got to be done."

Lately, she had been using Kent Wilburn as a barrage between them. So long as she was with Kent, Noel kept away, or did his duty with cold politeness. And, while it hurt to have Noel keep away, she knew in it lay their one hope of safety.

Kent and she had been bathing all afternoon. Now, tired of swimming, sunning up at a sun, falling a slow ball of flame, into the west. A slight swell kept the raft rocking gently.

"Reminds me of my childhood," Kent remarked. "Rock-a-bye baby, that sort of thing. Heavens, I'm kept constantly reminded of my childhood lately. I'm so darn virtuous."

Janice's small red lips curved in a light smile. "I hope you get your reward in the next world, Kent."

"I hope so, too. It looks unlikely I shall ever get it in this!" Raising himself on his elbow, he contemplated her with a slightly rueful smile.

"Virtue is its own reward," Janice chanted.

"The deuce it is!" he exploded. "All the same, I'm rather surprised at myself. Tell me, why do I waste my time around you when I know perfectly well nothing will come of it?"

Janice opened her gray eyes

(Continued on Page 16)

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To cooks who want to WORK LESS *this spring*

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You can't imagine what time-savers these old favorites are until you've tried cooking with them. Yes, *cooking!* Pie crusts and puddings. Souffles and omelets. Almost every kind of main course dish. They're *marvelous* as "extenders." Just try that special strawberry treat printed below! And, of course, you've always known how dee-licious Uneeda Bakers crackers and cookies are just by themselves... and how they style the simplest hurry-up meal.

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TOMATO AND CUCUMBER CUP
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**STRAWBERRY ICEBOX PUDDING

COFFEE

Now even the *FRANKFURTERS LOAF

8 frankfurters, ground
1 tsp. prepared mustard
1 cup canned tomatoes
18 Premium Flake Crackers (crumbled)
1 egg

Sure, you can make eight frankfurters equal twelve! It's easy, and a brand-new taste-treat, too! Combine all the above ingredients and mix thoroughly. Press mixture into a greased loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) 35 minutes. Serve hot or sliced cold. Accompany with prepared mustard, mustard pickle or chutney. 6 portions. Preparation, 10 minutes.

What! Social Teas for Strawberries?

**A NEW TRICK FOR A QUICK DESSERT

1 pt. strawberries
1 cup powdered sugar
18 Social Tea Biscuit
1 cup heavy cream
1 tsp. vanilla

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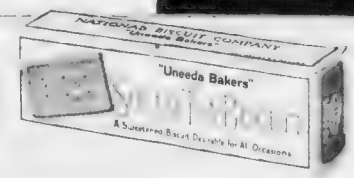

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This Way To Happiness By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 14)

very wide at him. "You're sure of that, Kent?"

He nodded. "Too darn sure of it."

Janice sighed. "I'm glad you're not laboring under any illusions then."

Kent thumped the raft with his fist. "But tell me, why do I do it?"

"I don't know. Except that you have a kind heart, though I doubt it."

"I always thought I had more sense," Kent went on angrily.

"Perhaps it's the lure of the unattainable," Janice suggested wickedly.

Kent rubbed both his hands over his hair, crushing the seawater out of it. "I shouldn't be surprised if you weren't right," he admitted wryly. "All the same, it makes me look pretty much of a fool. I know perfectly well you're only using me as a fence between yourself and that Henderson man"

"What?" Janice gasped. All the same her slim body stiffened. She wore a light green bathing suit. Faintly tanned she was, with little white strips across the shoulders, where the costume protected her skin.

"But . . . but why should I?" she stammered. She had propped herself up on her elbow. But she wasn't looking at Kent. She was staring down at her feet in the rough rubber bathing shoes. Very tiny they were, green, like her suit, with minute white rubber buttons.

Kent rolled over on his side. "Shall I tell you, Janice? Because you're in love with him."

"Kent!" Janice had colored hotly. Even her ears stinging under the close-fitting bathing cap.

Kent sighed. "It's no use denying it, sweetheart. I've got a nose for these things. Of course, I think you're shockingly misguided and all that when it might have been me. And I do think it would have been better for you had it been me. I wouldn't have kept you in a quandary like our friend, Sir Galahad."

Janice said, "There's nothing to it, Kent." She repeated fiercely: "There can't be anything to it!"

Kent raised one eyebrow. "You mean, friend husband?"

Janice sighed again.

"Well, it's your own affair." He paused a moment, then added jerkily: "Look here, darling, I'll be a friend if you want one."

Janice smiled. She sat up, cross-legged, capping her prettily tanned knees with her two small hands.

"Nice of you, Kent. Rather a new departure for you, isn't it?"

He nodded. New and unexciting. Whoever heard of a chap in his sane mind wanting to be friends with a pretty woman? "But . . . hang it all. I'm fond of you, Janice."

Janice's smile became a little bitter. "You told me that once before, Kent."

"Hanged if I did. I told you I was in love with you, which was true. You can't be really fond of anyone you're in love with. That comes later. Or sometimes it doesn't," he chuckled wryly. "Anyhow, I don't usually give myself time to find out. But now it's rather been forced upon me, so to speak. Anyhow, my offer holds good."

"Thanks," smiled Janice. "I'll accept it hastily before you regret it." She took off her tight black bathing helmet to let her hair dry in the breeze.

"Fine," murmured Kent. "Do we shake hands or kiss? I hope it's the latter, but I'm skeptical."

Janice threw back her head and laughed outright. "Considering the audience on the beach, I think we do neither."

"Have it your own way," sighed Kent. Suddenly he gave a small shrill whistle and sat up straight. "And I rather think my first act of friendship is to leave you alone with this picture," he muttered. "Though I may be wrong. All the same, I'm going. Good-by, sweetheart. See you later."

As he spoke he sprang to his feet and took a running dive off the raft. It rocked ferociously for a moment, then quieted down again. Janice stared after his departing feet and shoulders in surprise. What had bitten him? From him her glance wandered to the shore line. Then she drew a sharp breath. Noel, she afternoon sunlight glinting his tanned body to a deep shade of copper, had just dived head first into a

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Crisis.

WITH strong, sure strokes, Noel was making for the raft. Janice sat very still, unnaturally still, watching him. Was he coming over to talk to her? He must be. Quick as lightning she, too, sprang to her feet. But, in running for the dive, she slipped and fell on her back, knocking her head against the side of the raft. She must have given her head a pretty hard whack, for she lost consciousness momentarily. When she came to, Noel was clambering onto the slippery raft beside her, saying, "Janice, darling, darling . . . Oh, my dearest, what has happened?"

She didn't reply. She lay there trying to get a grip of herself. For one thing her head pained abominably. Vaguely she still saw stars. For another she knew if she opened her eyes now both of them would be lost. Oh, completely. So she kept them tightly shut and tried not to breathe noticeably.

Noel sat hunched on his knees over her. He smoothed back her hair. He said slowly and nervously, "I love you, Janice. Do you know that? I love you."

"Oh, my darling, don't, please don't," Janice whispered in her heart. And, because it was so wonderful just to hear him say it, she lay very still hoping he would say it again. But, when he didn't, she thought, a little wearily, "Janice, my child, it's up to you to stop cheating. Come to and end this drama or farce or whatever it is."

She opened her eyes. Noel breathed, "Thank heaven!"

Janice laughed, though feebly. "It's like a situation from a talkie, isn't it, Noel? I faint and you arrive from nowhere as though you'd sprung through a trap door. Muttering the most conventional things, too!"

Noel turned scarlet. Noticeable even under his tan.

"You didn't hear what I said?" he stammered, in horrified confusion.

Janice compromised. There's such a thing as carrying a joke too far. "I heard you mutter, 'Thank heaven,' in the highly approved manner."

He looked relieved. "I thought you might have hurt yourself seriously."

"I did," she told him indignantly. "I'll have a bump the size of a turnip on my head tomorrow."

Noel didn't smile. He was looking her over with blue, serious eyes.

"Janice, why have you been avoiding me?" he asked slowly.

She looked down at the painted boards of the raft. "Why should I avoid you?"

"I don't know." Then, suddenly, he had leant closer to her. One of his big hands had covered hers. He added, in a lowered voice, "I guess I do know, Janice . . . Oh, my dear, is that why?"

She shook herself fiercely. Much as a terrier dog shakes itself upon coming out of the water. She laughed, lightly. "What rot you are talking, Noel."

He muttered, "I'm all manner of cads for saying it . . . but I love you. I love you. I wish I didn't. I wish I'd never seen you . . . For Lance's sake. It makes me feel like something worse than the vilest reptile. But I'm crazy about you. I don't know what I'm saying . . . what I'm doing half the time. That night . . . you know what night I mean . . . when you told me. I couldn't sleep. I walked about this town all night. I could only think of you in that white dress . . . his bride . . ."

"Don't," Janice choked it out. "Don't Noel . . . how dare you?"

Her small hands gripped her knees, vice tightly. Awful coming now, when she hadn't been prepared for it, when her head was still throbbing as a result of her fall. Awful . . . when she wanted so badly to lean against him, to twine her arms about his neck, to draw his face down to hers.

"I guess, I ought to be horsewhipped," he went on savagely. "But I never dreamt love could be . . . devastating like this. I never knew it could rob you of your self-respect so completely. I never imagined I could love crazily knowing all the time it was wrong . . ."

Janice shut her eyes. How his words hurt her! But she knew he was right. To give way to their love now would mean the loss of their self-respect. How could they ever be happy with the shadow of Lance between them? That dear, pathetic shadow they were both so fond of? Janice knew, after the first splendor of love, Noel would reproach himself bitterly. He was built that way. She, too, would never forgive herself. Their love would be killed by regret and self-loathing. No, better anything than that. Yet she realized, too, if she once admitted her love for him, nothing could save them. Their love was too powerful. A fast, mad torrent that would sweep away scruples, carrying them along with it like so much flotsam. Lance would go down before it, all thoughts of duty would go down before it, all thoughts of decency . . .

Noel went on. It seemed as though once started he couldn't stop.

"I don't know what to do, Janice. Sometimes I want to rush straight back to Chile and never see you again. Others I want to seize you by force, carry you away with me, I don't care where, anywhere, everywhere . . . Janice, I've been desperate these past weeks. Especially when I've seen you fooling about with Kent Wilburn. I know you can't care for him."

Janice caught her breath sharply. Then she plunged in head first.

"Why should you think I don't care for him? He amuses me immensely."

Noel just smiled. He said softly, "Once I might have been taken in by that, Janice. I'm not any longer . . . Not now, I know you."

Janice felt her eyes smart with tears. Stupid, oh, stupid. She blinked hard and turned her face aside while her hands gripped her knees tighter.

"Why should you imagine I find you more amusing than Kent?"

Noel flushed slightly. He said quietly, "I thought we were friends."

"You can't be friends with, anyone who loves you," she told him scornfully. "It robs them of their sense of humor." She gave a short high pitched laugh, adding, "People in love with me always bore me stiff."

Noel stared at her. He stammered, "Are you serious, Janice?"

She shrugged. "Why not? You amused me for a time, Noel. But don't imagine I'm going to break with Lance over you!"

His face flamed furiously. "I haven't asked you to," he said unsteadily.

"Oh, no, but you would, given any encouragement." She tossed her head, adding sharply, "You'd like to have an affair with me, wouldn't you?"

Noel stared at her in utter bewilderment. He couldn't believe his ears. This wasn't Janice talking. It couldn't be. Not the Janice he loved. An affair with her? A common, sordid affair? The whole idea was grotesque. When all he wanted was to bend his knees and worship her, serve her. He still couldn't believe he had heard her aright.

He stammered, "You're dead wrong, Janice. You've misunderstood me."

She choked back something in her throat. She paused a moment, fighting for control. But, at last, when she raised her face to his it was coldly mocking. "Have I, Noel? Yet isn't it the usual thing when a man says he's in love with a young married woman?"

But, this time she had gone too far. Suddenly he was gripping her shoulders, hurtingly tight.

"I wouldn't have an affair with you if you were the last girl on this earth, Janice. Get me straight about that. You may be like that. I guess you're trying to convince me you are. But it won't believe you . . . If I did, it seems to me I'd stop loving you. And I haven't stopped loving you. Yet I don't understand you. A few weeks ago I thought I did. But I do know you've a sharp little tongue and, at times, you say things you don't mean. No, Janice," his voice softened and his hands, which had been gripping her shoulders, gently down her arms. His touch felt like a caress. "No, Janice," he repeated, smiling slowly, "you've got to do something more than just talk before I'll think you as bad as you make out."

Janice sprang to her feet. She knew she couldn't stand it a moment longer. She'd break down, cry, do something absurd . . . if only she could have phoned it then! But he hadn't believed her. But what could she do to convince him? What could she do?

"Well, since you've such chivalrous ideas of me, I'll leave it at that," she said shortly. "I'm going in now. I'm frozen."

As a matter of fact, the air was chilly despite the warm glow of sunset. The falling sun had turned the western sky to orange flame. Too, most people had left the place. Noel and she had been sitting there longer than either of them dreamt.

Janice didn't try diving. Her head was still throbbing. Instead, she merely slid into the water, and started swimming slowly towards the shore. She felt very tired. As her thin brown arms cut the water, she thought how pleasant it would be to sink under, to give up struggling, to find peace in oblivion. Unconsciously her strokes must have slackened.

(Continued on Page 20)

1 Cent a Day Pays Up to $100 a Month

The Sterling Casualty Insurance Co. of Chicago, Illinois, is offering a new accident policy that pays up to $100.00 a month for 24 months for disability and $1 000.00 for death — cost only 1c a day—$3.65 for a whole year. All monthly benefits paid from the first day. Over 150 000 already have bought this protection. This policy issued by an old company that has paid over $100 000.00 cash in claims. Men, women and children, ages 10 to 70, eligible, no matter what you do nor where you work or live. NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION. Send no money. Simply send name, address, age, beneficiary's name and relationship to Sterling Casualty Insurance Co., Dept. 1184, 221 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. They will send this policy on 10 days' FREE inspection. This offer strictly limited, so write them at once.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY MENU will help you solve the what-to-serve problem. Consult it regularly

SHAMPOOING this way—gives your hair NEW BEAUTY

Results are amazing! *Your hair looks utterly different from hair washed with ordinary soap.* **Costs only a few cents to use.**

● Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.

FORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Its life, its lustre . . . its alluring loveliness . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it

A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this DINGY COATING and let the sparkle and rich, natural COLOR TONES of the hair show.

Why Ordinary Washing Fails

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . something hairdressers NEVER DO! . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly, but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

● When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks as you pull it through your fingers.

Saves Time—Costs Only A Few Cents

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with either hard or soft water, which dissolves thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be . . . so delightfully clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.

● Just notice the difference—Proper shampooing gives your hair added charm—and leaves it sparkling with life, gloss and lustre.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

"What's your system, Julie? You never seem to get stocking runs."
"You wouldn't either, if you always washed stockings the way I do!!!"

LUX for stockings

2 minutes a day keeps them like new

"I always wash my stockings in Lux, because Lux is especially made to preserve the *elasticity* of the silk. That's what keeps the threads from *breaking*, when they're strained. If you wash out the elasticity, then the least bit of strain may start a run! I wash out my stockings in Lux suds every night. They look wonderful and my, how they *wear!*

"Let's dispose of this problem the quick easy way"

more than a million smart, busy women agree

TIME was when a woman was ready to meet the world after three major steps: bathing, "doing her hair," and putting on her clothes.

But no longer. Today the big business of the toilet is composed of a dozen details—special attention to skin, hair, underarms, eyebrows, lips, finger-nails. All infinitely important. And all time-consuming.

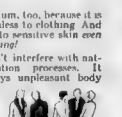
No wonder women welcome short cuts to these rites of the toilet! No wonder they welcome Mum as the *quick, easy* way to be free from hateful underarm odor

"Why," they ask, "make work of perspiration odor? Let's dispose of it the quick, easy, *the modern way.*" For Mum wastes no time for them. A quick fingertipful to each underarm and that's all there is to it. No fuss, no waiting.

Use Mum, too, because it is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it is soothing to sensitive skin *even right after shaving!*

Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration processes. It simply destroys unpleasant body odors.

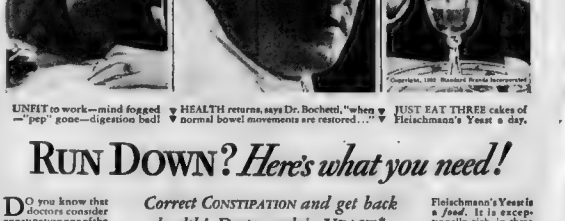
You can get Mum at all toilet counters, 35c and 60c at jar. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N.Y.



MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MUM SOLVES ANOTHER TROUBLESOME PROBLEM—Women find endless comfort and relief from an old worry in the deodorant service of Mum on sanitary napkins. It *insures* protection from this kind of unpleasantness.

• *Health at Stake?* • *Doctors Urge* • *Daily Yeast* •



UNFIT to work—mind fogged—"pep" gone—digestion bad! ▼ HEALTH returns, says Dr. Bocherl, "when ▼ normal bowel movements are restored..." ▼ JUST EAT THREE cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day.

RUN DOWN? *Here's what you need!*

DO you know that doctors consider constipation one of the *dangerous* diseases?

Do you know that a "run-down" condition—headaches —loss of energy — incapacity to work — may indicate a seriously clogged condition of your intestines?

Constipation is serious. But it can be corrected! As the famous Dr. Bocherl, of Rome, Italy, says:—

"Fresh yeast, I consider, is the most adequate treatment for constipation . . . It gives back tone to the intestinal muscles . . . Its effect is tonic, stimulating, corrective.

"By all means," he adds, "*try it, if you are . . . run-down.*"

Fleischmann's Yeast acts two ways. It *softens* the accumulated food wastes and actually *strengthens* the intestines so they can function normally. Gradually normal bowel movements are restored. Relief!

The whole system responds. Headaches and tiredness disappear. And in their place . . . vitality, "pep"!

Correct CONSTIPATION *and get back health! Doctors advise* YEAST*

Fleischmann's Yeast is a *food*. It is exceptionally rich in three vitamins—B, G and D.

You simply add it to your ordinary diet—3 cakes every day—and eat it long enough to get real results. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants, and soda fountains, and directions are on the label. Start today.

IMPORTANT—Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form —*the kind famous doctors advise!*

Eat FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for Health* —3 *Cakes a Day*

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Science Says—

VITAMINS ARE EASILY LOST— MAKE SURE YOU GET THEM!

Laboratory tests show as much as 100% variation in the vitamin content of the same food, canned under different brands

WHEN you buy canned foods, you certainly want the most for your money. *But do you get it?*

Fruits and vegetables should supply vitamins. That's one reason you serve them so often.

But vitamins are easily lost.

Experiments, made just a little over a year ago, show wide variations in vitamin content between different brands of the same canned food. *Variations as high as* 100%!*

And this amazing fact applies, at least in some measure, to *all* canned foods! It emphasizes the extreme importance of DEL MONTE "vitamin-protection" to you and your family.

What DEL MONTE offers

DEL MONTE not only guarantees foods of finest flavor

—it brings you fruits and vegetables picked at the moment of highest vitamin content and highest quality

—it brings you fruits and vegetables protected against vitamin loss after picking

—it brings you fruits and vegetables guarded against vitamin loss during cooking.

When you say DEL MONTE, you know you're getting this special safeguard—every time! Exactly the same careful methods, the same natural advantages which have established the uniformity and fine flavor of DEL MONTE Products, *also* make DEL MONTE "vitamin-protection" possible.

Why accept less?

The foods which DEL MONTE packs are the everyday foods on your table. The *very* foods which should contribute most to your family's health and welfare. Why leave their selection to chance?

Your own grocer should have DEL MONTE. If he hasn't, there's some good grocer close at hand who has—a grocer who puts *your* interests first.

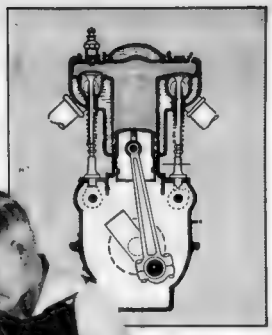
Finest flavor—"vitamin-protected"—yet the lowest prices in years!

You'll want these facts

You ought to know the full story of "vitamin-protection" and its value to you. Send for new DEL MONTE folder, just published. Tells you in detail why vitamins are sometimes lost and how DEL MONTE protects them for you. Free—together with a mighty fine collection of tested fruit and vegetable recipes. Just drop a line today—Dept. 58, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

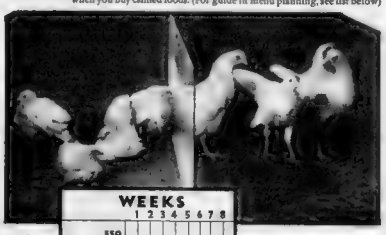
*J. Agr. Research, 41, 51 (1930)

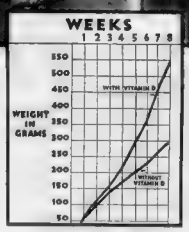
And here's why you need these health essentials



Your automobile engine may have all the gas it needs, but without a spark, no power is developed. So with the human system. Fats, carbohydrates and proteins supply the energy and body-building materials. But without vitamins we cannot use or assimilate these elements. Don't leave vitamins to chance!

An adequate supply of vitamins is particularly essential with growing children in the family. Always see that the youngsters get plenty of fruits, vegetables and milk. As an *added* protection, be sure you get DEL MONTE when you buy canned foods. (For guide in menu planning, see list below)





Dramatic evidence of the importance of vitamins in animal growth. Above, to the left, eight-week-old chickens, raised on a diet *lacking* in Vitamin D. Next to them, on the right, chickens of the same age, same hatch, raised on the same diet, *plus* a product produced by DEL MONTE, rich in Vitamin D. Below them, chart showing comparative weekly gains in weight. Based on experiments in our own laboratories.

The vitamins most important in your diet and some of their common food sources, "vitamin-protected" under the DEL MONTE label

VITAMIN A

Aids growth; strengthens resistance to colds and similar infections. Shown by food authorities to be present in:

Asparagus
Carrots
Cherries
Peas
Pineapple
Prunes
Pumpkin
Salmon
Sauerkraut
Spinach
Strawberries
String Beans
Sweet Potatoes
Tomatoes
Tomato Juice

VITAMIN B*

Promotes nerve health and aids appetite. Shown by food authorities to be present in:

Apples
Asparagus
Beets
Carrots
Cherries
Corn
Grapefruit
Lima Beans
Peaches
Pineapple
Prunes
Raisins
Salmon
Sauerkraut
Spinach
Strawberries
String Beans
Sweet Potatoes
Tomatoes
Tomato Juice

VITAMIN C

Prevents scurvy; most easily destroyed of all vitamins. Shown by food authorities to be present in:

Apples
Carrots
Corn
Grapefruit
Lima Beans
Peaches
[redacted]
Peas
Pineapple
Pumpkin
Raspberries
Sauerkraut
Spinach
Strawberries
String Beans
Sweet Potatoes
Tomatoes
Tomato Juice

*Vitamin B is slightly reduced by heating, but the amount of reduction is very materially lessened by Del Monte methods of selection and process.

VITAMIN D—*Aids bone growth; prevents rickets. Especially important in child feeding. Particularly good sources of this vitamin are.* DEL MONTE Canned Fish, Salmon, Sardines and Tuna.

Del Monte

NOW—AT THE LOWEST PRICES IN YEARS

If you have been shopping for price lately—not the brand you would really like to have—try getting *only* DEL MONTE Foods during the next few months. See how little it costs you—and what a feeling of security it gives you whenever you buy.

And remember—the added enjoyment of DEL MONTE Quality was never greater!

vitamin-protected Foods

Copyright 1932, California Packing Corporation

The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

A Breath-Taking Romance of the West

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CHARLIE SQUIRES, a cowboy on the Bar W ranch near Manato, Texas, is found dead at the foot of Devil's Slide, a steep trail leading down from the mesa. Sheriff Bill Scott and Coroner Dr. Jo Burke, who are old friends of Charlie's family, are inclined to believe that he fell from his horse and was killed accidentally. Pete Black, foreman of the Bar W, is suspected by Sheriff Scott of having had a hand in the murder, but Dr. Burke refuses to believe that Pete could be guilty. Pete is known to have had a violent quarrel with Charlie the night before the latter's death, and Pete's gun has been fired recently. Pete admits that he and Charlie had had a fight, but declares that he left Charlie alive and well. Pete is arrested and lodged in jail. Dr. Burke, who has been away from Manato for some years, returns to find that Charlie, whom he had known as a boy, has been killed. Dr. Burke is convinced that Pete is innocent and tells Sheriff Scott that he will conduct an investigation of his own. Dr. Burke finds that Charlie had been engaged to Ginger Tapping, daughter of Tapping, the banker, and that Ginger's father objects to Pete as a suitor for his daughter's hand. Dr. Burke also learns that Charlie had been in love with Ginger, but that Ginger had refused him because of his drinking habits. Dr. Burke finds that Charlie had been shot from behind, and that the bullet which killed him was fired from a gun of .30-30 caliber. Dr. Burke also finds that Charlie had been dead for at least twenty-four hours when his body was found. Dr. Burke finds that Charlie had been killed on the night of the dance at the Bar W ranch, which was the night before Charlie's body was found. Dr. Burke finds that Charlie had been killed by a bullet

The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 18)

for his being so worked up over anyone daring to ambush a Bar W rider, and too taken up with that for him to razz the poor victim about anything yet, he'd have kicked Charlie back to the bunkhouse before this. He ain't hurt bad. Anyway, he won't shoot his mouth off any more for a spell. I saw him this afternoon."

"I'm obliged, Shorty," said Pete gratefully.

"Shucks!" said Shorty in deprecation, and hastily changed the subject to prevent further expressions of gratitude.

"They say Ward won't be running the Bar W after this year."

This was news. Pete sat up.

"Broke, they say," continued Shorty. "I've heard he's already got the place up for sale. Finding a buyer's another matter, though."

"It's a long haul making a dude ranch pay," said Pete non-committally.

"Yep. They say Ward's been hanging on to the ragged edge by his eyebrows for two years. This murder of Atkinson and shooting at Charlie and all that sort of rumpus hasn't helped matters any, either. Scares off the dudes. Had a bunch of cancellations already."

"What are they doing about the murder? Any news of Heflin yet?"

"Not a trace. I wormed it out of Lon Simmons, the station agent, where that secretary bird of his went to when he ran away. Green Lake, Oklahoma, he was traced to. Maybe Heflin's there as well."

"Maybe," agreed Pete.

Shorty glanced toward his horse, suggested that he "ought to be going" and still lingered. Realizing by these signs that his friend had something of importance on his mind which he hesitated to disclose, Pete withheld comment and waited patiently.

"I don't know as I ought to meet you for a couple of nights," said Shorty finally, selecting with assiduous care a cigarette from a packet of a dozen precisely similar ones.

"Hard luck!" said Pete. "You'll miss me."

Shorty ignored the persiflage.

"Ginger, he asked me where I spent my evenings. I told him 'flying kites.' He apologized. I'll say for Ginger he's never nosy without reason. Then he says, 'If you ever run across Pete, mention I want to see him, will you?' I says, 'I thought you saw him at the inquest yesterday.' He says, 'Sure. But this is something new.' So I told him I'd mention it if I saw you. And I have saw you and I have mentioned it."

"I don't know as I'd mind meeting Ginger," said Pete thoughtfully. "I was thinking some about it, anyway."

"Uh huh. There's some more."

"Shoot!"

"Dollar Bill told me that Tom, the boy, told him that he had told Ginger. . ."

"Sounds like the Ladies' Aid," commented Pete satirically. "Grace told Gussie and Gussie told Sue and Sue passed it on to. . ."

"Shut up and listen! I'm telling you how it was. Ginger thinks Long Sam knows something about the murder."

"Long Sam!" Pete turned startled eyes upon his friend. "Great Day! What's that got to do with what Tom told Dollar Bill?"

"Everything. Keep still and learn something, chatterbox. Tom told Ginger that the reason you came back to the ranch that morning was to have a private talk with Long Sam and you shooed him out while you had it."

"Of course he listened," said Pete in disgust. "We ought to have sent him where we could watch him."

"He didn't hear much. Said you used the word 'murder' several times. Since that was before Atkinson's killing, it seemed suspicious. Looks as though you knew a murder was about due. Ginger asked Long Sam about it and that fool, instead of thinking up a lie that would sound reasonable, tells Ginger he hadn't even seen you that morning and that Tom was locked in the head. Ginger had investigated before he went to Long Sam and learned that you had come back to the cookhouse and had spent quite some minutes there before riding down again. Naturally, he wondered why it was important enough for Long Sam to lie about and gets suspicious. Long Sam said that was the day before and for Ginger to get out of his kitchen before his gab soured the bread he had rising."

There were several minutes silence.

"Shorty," asked his friend, "do you think I killed Atkinson?"

"Don't be a fool!"

With His Forefinger Linked Under the Trigger Guard, Pete Let the Weapon Swing Easily From His Hand and Smiled a Bright Smile at Mr. Jacobsen, Who, for Some Reason, Seemed No Happier at This Reassurance.

"Thanks. Do you believe Ginger thinks so?"

Shorty hesitated.

"I don't know. Ginger's got a heap of sense under that thatched roof of a head of his. But you see, besides that Long Sam business and all, the redhead says. . . I mean she. . ."

"You mean Miss Atkinson thinks I killed him. That's stale news, Short. Unless she has converted Ginger to her viewpoint."

"Well, it isn't only the killing. You see, she says she saw you prowling around the ranchyard at midnight the time Heflin disappeared."

"So she thinks I'm mixed up in that, too?"

"Seems to. And she and Ginger — mighty chummy, Pete."

"He's a good man." Pete hooked his thumbs into his belt, shoved his hat on to the back of his head and peered thoughtfully at the rising moon. "By the way, do you know whether I've killed Heflin or just kidnaped him? I'm sort of interested."

"A lot of people would like to know," grinned Shorty.

"Seems to me I killed him," said Pete meditatively. "It's hard to remember those little details but I think I lured him into the woods, murdered him and buried his body. I choked Atkinson, too. I'm a bold, bad, dangerous man, Short, and you ought to be careful how you hang around me. I might be catching."

"I was afraid Ginger might take a notion to follow me some night," Shorty explained his intention of remaining away from Pete for a while. "Thought I'd better find out what you wanted me to do."

"So he might. And do you know, I've kind of changed my mind about being wilting to meet him right off. Seeing as this is June and the little flowers smell so sweet in the meadows and the birds are singing so pretty and all, why I think maybe I'll just give him a miss for a while."

"They say Hardicke's a bum cook," agreed Shorty. Hardicke was the county jailer.

"And he never washes his hands. I hate dirty fingers mixing with my grub."

"To say nothing of bugs—cockroaches and such."

"You're an encouraging fellow, aren't you?" said Pete reproachfully.

"Well, I came and warned you, didn't I?"

"You bet. You're all right, Short. That is, you'd be all right if it weren't for those bow legs of yours."

"Bow legs!" screeched Shorty. "And that funny shape." Pet walked around Shorty, head on one side, surveying him with puckered brow. "And your face," shaking his head mournfully. "It's too bad about your face, Shorty. But there! I suppose you can't help it any. A fellow's not to blame for what his parents did to him." He dodged about a tree-trunk, hotly pursued by the righteously wrathful Shorty.

Abruptly halting at a moment when Shorty obviously expected him to continue flight, the two came together with a crash. Pete, having prepared the trap, recovered first from its shock while Shorty remained gasping and blinking his eyes for several seconds. Before he had recovered sufficient of his senses to make a grab at his antagonist, Pete had caught and remounted his horse.

"Ought to look where you're going," he jeered. "Something wrong with your eyes, too, maybe. Or maybe just with what's behind 'em. Never mind! Better luck next time."

"There ain't a-going to be no next time," cried the infuriated Shorty. "I'm through wasting my evenings on a roughneck like you."

"Yeh? But you'll come to see me hanged, won't you? You oughtn't ever to miss a sight like that. They say it's right educating."

"Hanging's too good for you."

"That's what I think. That's the reason I'm not staying around to meet Ginger. He might not agree with me and there's nothing I despise like an argument. I think I'll pull up stakes and avoid one."

"No one's holding you."

"You'll write me, though, won't you, Shorty? Sure you will. I'll be looking forward to getting love and kisses from home. And news I'll need lots of news from the old Bar W to keep me from getting homesick."

"Where'll I write?"

Pete stroked his chin thoughtfully for a minute, cocked his head to one side and listened. The branches rustled. The brook babbled. Everything seemed as it should be.

"How about General Delivery, Green Lake, Oklahoma?"

At the name, Shorty blinked again rapidly.

"That won't do. Ginger says he's going down there after Tapping."

"The deuce he is! Well, I can't help that."

A slow grin spread itself over Shorty's face.

"Ginger, Tapping and you," he enumerated with a chuckle. "Ought to be a nice little party. Any other invitations out?"

"I wouldn't be surprised if we had a few other callers."

"Huh! Neither would I. Bet you I'll come to that hanging yet, Pete. And I hopes you squirms good and plenty."

"I'll try to oblige."

Pete turned his horse, then leaned back to add a sentimental word.

"I I'm sorry I mentioned your hosses, Shorty," he said with bashful hesitation. "Twasn't right, seeing how sensitive you are about them. Anyway, they aren't so very terrible bad. Looking at you sidewise a fellow'd hardly notice 'em. Specially if he wasn't particularly sober."

"Oh, you go to. . ." Shorty told him where to go, not naming Green Lake, Oklahoma.

"And that'll be a nice little party, too," agreed Pete, riding away. "See you later, then, Shorty."

"Sure," said Shorty before he realized to what rendezvous he was assenting. He swore again heartily.

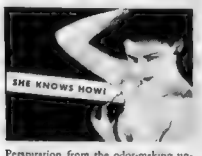
He remained where he was until Pete had disappeared through the trees. Then, he too, listened thoughtfully, frowning the while. Had he heard a movement in the bushes? Feeling to make sure that his revolver was properly loose and ready for service in its holster, he headed his horse toward the suspicious point and ransacked the ground thoroughly, finding nothing. Still dissatisfied, he at last gave up the search and turned homeward, musing uncomfortably on recent developments. He had half a mind to throw up his job and go South with Pete. Pete was such a reckless idiot. Just like him, now they were turning suspicion his way, to go to the one spot that would make their suspicion more nearly certainty. He'd run his head neck into a noose yet gloomed Shorty. Needed a guardian he did! A chuckle broke from his lips as he considered his friend's probable language upon being informed of the fact.

"Just the same," he decided cheerily, being a restless soul who liked change, as well as a good friend. "I reckon I'll horn in. Get my time from Ward tonight and nab Pete before he gets started in the morning. I ain't been in Oklahoma for three years and they might forget me down there if I don't do something about it."

With mind at rest once more, since he figured that the two of them would be well able to handle any little disturbance that might arise to Pete's possible det-

(Continued on Page 20)

Sure way to stop OFFENSIVE Odor and save clothes!



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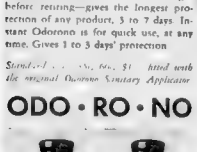

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No one knows how or when this obnoxious infection called "Athlete's Foot" got its start, but the threatening truth remains that every summer it adds millions of new victims to its luckless list of prey.

Don't let it menace you! Fight it off—prevent it—check it when you have it—with reliable Absorbine Jr.!

It thrives in the summertime because heat helps the germs multiply by the billions—billions of hungry bacteria—lurking, simply swarming in the very places people seek health and comfort—in bathhouses, on locker- and dressing-room floors, on the edges of swimming pools, even in your own spotless bathroom.

Be on your guard against slightest danger signals*

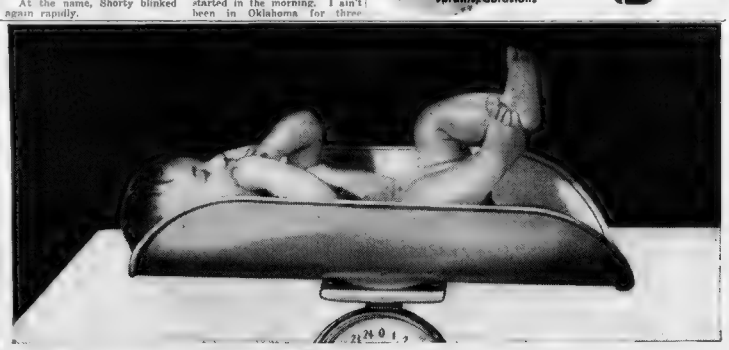
Itching, peeling, blistering skin between the toes—those are first common warnings of "Athlete's Foot." Before the skin turns red, becomes raw; before it turns white, moist, cracks open, resulting in painful soreness—douse on Absorbine Jr.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

*WATCH FOR THESE DANGER SIGNALS OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Although caused by the germ—tinea trichophyton—"Athlete's Foot" may first show itself in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, or skin-cracks, or tiny itching blisters. It may turn white, thick and moist or develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment. If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.



To every mother who can't nurse her baby... NEWS!

When a mother's milk fails, nothing is more important than this—to be sure that the food that goes into her baby's bottle gives him just what he needs to make him rosy and healthy now, and build him a firm foundation for future health.

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Recently, two physicians—specialists in baby diet—conducted a test with fifty average babies, to throw new light on this subject.

The food tested is one unique in infant feeding history. Next to mother's milk, it has raised more babies than any other food in the world. Over a period of 75 years, it has given millions their start in life. Throughout America, there are healthy babies, children, grown-ups, to prove the value of this amazingly digestible food.

Yet never before had scientists put this famous food—Eagle Brand Milk—to such a thorough, controlled, scientific test. What would such a test reveal?

Simple diet proves builder of 100% baby

For months, the two physicians fed those fifty babies on Eagle Brand—checking with closest care every detail of their health and growth. Bone structure was studied with the X-ray. Tooth development was watched. Weight and height were periodically recorded. Blood tests were made...

And those fifty Eagle Brand babies, judged by every known test, proved themselves splendidly nourished. This simple diet—Eagle Brand, with merely the usual supplementary foods—had proved equal to the building of a 100% baby.*

Now, science joins the millions of mothers who say, "We have our proof that Eagle Brand Milk is a truly valuable and effective food for a baby."

If you cannot nurse your baby, try Eagle Brand. Easy to prepare—merely add boiled water. Always pure, safe, free from dangerous germs. Keeps indefinitely in any climate. Simple feeding directions are on the label.

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The Dude Ranch Mystery

By Mark Plum

(Continued from Page 19)

riment were he alone, Shorty hooted his horse cordially in the side and rode home, singing as he rode a thoroughly inappropriate ditty.

"No more we'll go a-roving, boys,
Nor pack our blankets round.
We'll build ourself a cabin
On the shores of Puget Sound
Oh, I asked her would she kla-tawa,
Or potlatch with me stay,
Sagging hiu tenas musum
As the daylight fades away."

His cheerful voice broke upon the granite hills and echoed back along the trail.

"Oh, if it is a boy, he shall plow the racing main.
And if it is a girl, she shall wear a golden chain
For the ox and the ass and sour apple tree
They all grow wild in South Amerikee."

CHAPTER XVII.

Theft

A CERTAIN Mr. Jacobsen walked briskly out of a farmhouse and entered his waiting automobile. Mr. Jacobsen was a suave gentleman with an oily smile, genial manners and a shrewd brain.

The farmhouse was located about six miles southwest of the tiny hamlet known to postoffice authorities as Green Lake, Oklahoma, and about to be known to all America as the nearest town to the newest—and one of the greatest—oil fields in the country.

Mr Jacobsen patted his breast pocket happily before stepping on his starter. In his breast pocket was a signed and witnessed option to purchase said farmhouse and its surrounding acres for a price that was about fair for its agricultural value alone. The option was one of several similar contracts which nestled snugly together in Mr Jacobsen's pocket and which had their due effect in rendering broader and more unctuous that gentleman's already blandishment smile. It may be mentioned that Mr. Jacobsen was not interested in agriculture.

On his return to Green Lake, Mr. Jacobsen encountered a worried-looking Mr. Tapping outside the small building that was all the village could boast of for hotel. Nine-tenths of its rooms were vacant but it was to be less than a week before extra cots filled it to the bursting point, paying more for a single cot in one crowded room than Mr. Jacobsen now surrendered for an entire week's lodging.

Mr. Tapping did not appear to see Mr. Jacobsen, who went to his room in a condition of perfect satisfaction, the worry on Mr. Tapping's face having been the last item needed to complete his contentment. All things were for the best in this best of all possible worlds, he was thinking as he mounted the one flight of stairs. Or words to that effect. Bright fortune was beaming upon him.

He opened his room door.

"Come in. Come in," said Pete Black, cordially. "I am very pleased to see you, Mr. Jacobsen. No, no. I said 'Come in.' Not 'Go out.'" As if by accident, his hand rested momentarily upon a pistol which lay on the table beside him. "You're not shy, are you?"

Mr. Jacobsen came in. He closed the door behind him. Gone was his air of benign contentment. Fled were his happy dreams.

"I don't know you," he said, disputedly.

"Never mind," said Pete, reassuringly. "You're going to."

"It's a penal offence to threaten a man with a deadly weapon."

"Threats? Who's threatening?" Pete picked up the pistol and looked it over with an air of shocked surprise. "You mean this little toy? You mustn't pay any attention to it, Mr. Jacobsen. I wouldn't think of killing a man in such a conspicuous way—unless, of course, he made it absolutely necessary."

With his forefinger linked under the trigger guard, Pete let the weapon swing easily from his hand and smiled a bright smile at Mr. Jacobsen, who, for some reason, seemed no happier at this reassurance.

"There are so many better ways of disposing of people than shooting them," Pete continued, musingly. "Did you happen to hear how Saul Atkinson died, for instance?"

"What's that to do with me?" snapped Mr. Jacobsen.

"You heard of his death, didn't you?"

"Seems to me I read about it in the papers. I was in Oklahoma City at the time, at the Lee Huckens Hotel. Yes, I do remember now. He fell off a cliff or something."

"He was thrown over a cliff," corrected Pete in a gentle voice. He spread his hands on his knees and flexed the fingers thoughtfully. The gesture was significant. Mr Jacobsen shuddered. "Shooting," went on the tall, bronzed man opposite him, "is a comparatively easy death. Easier than hanging, for instance, especially if you don't break your neck on the first drop. Then there's such a thing as dying by torture. Getting a man away from his friends and keeping him without food or water, tied up, you understand, and arousing him now and then by the judicious application of knife points or cigar butts. You can kill a man that way if you keep it up long enough." Pete's tone was reminiscent. "I'd rather be shot myself—if I had the choice."

"You're threatening me again," whimpered Mr. Jacobsen. He looked longingly toward the open window. The gun that dangled from the other man's finger seemed to steady itself. Mr. Jacobsen drew a long, shaky breath and turned back from the sunny outdoors to the shaded room and the grim figure facing him.

"What do you want?"

"Not much," said Pete, cheerfully. "I knew you were going to be reasonable. So am I. I shall leave immediately after you hand over to me the Wagner and Bradley options, which I perceive by the bulge over your breast pocket are carried there. And the Schuettler lease and the Hammett bill of sale. If you have closed the deal on the Clum place, you might let me have that, too." The Clum place was that pleasant farm on which Mr. Jacobsen had placed an option that very afternoon. "And, of course, I shall wish your signatures on the documents assigning them to me."

"I won't!" screeched Mr. Jacobsen. "Never!"

Again the pistol steadied. So did Pete's eyes. They bored like blue gimlets into Mr. Jacobsen's frightened soul.

"I might leave you to think it over," Pete Black suggested, "but I could be sure you would think it over really carefully. Think about being all alone—there's something very frightening about utter loneliness—in a secluded spot, with only enough water to keep you alive . . . and you tied up . . . and being persuaded by your visitors, when you have any visitors . . . the kind of persuasion I mentioned before . . . to do what you might as well do now without any persuasion. On second thought, I won't leave you. You can think it over with me here just as well."

"There's the police," whimpered the shrunken Mr. Jacobsen. "You can't take me away. They'd prevent you."

"Call them in," offered Pete. "Call the police, Mr. Jacobsen."

He laid down his gun, locked his hands behind his head, tilted his chair back and smiled challengingly.

"Stick your head out of the window and scream for help," he suggested. "Go ahead. I promise not to shoot you. Do, Mr. Jacobsen!"

The fat, little man looked the tall, lean, smiling one in his unsmiling eyes. The fat, little man's legs felt wobbly and he sat down on the edge of a chair. His hands were shaking and he locked them together between his knees, squeezing their palms to keep them steady.

"It's theft," he wavered. "You can't do it."

Pete laughed.

"Who . . . who are you?" asked Mr. Jacobsen.

"I'm Pete Black, ex-foreman of the Bar W Dude Ranch," was the succinct answer. "I am down here to procure certain valuable leases and options. A Mr. Tapping—know him, Mr. Jacobsen?—is working with me and for me. When he discovered that you were prepared to overbid him on the land, he wired me for instructions. I told him to let you have it . . . all you could get. I saw no reason to compete once I was certain that you would be open to persuasion"——Pete's voice lingered over the phrase in a manner that the shivering Mr. Jacobsen found most unpleasant—"open to persuasion," he repeated. "I felt sure that you would be glad to surrender your holdings to us when the time came."

"I won't!" said Mr. Jacobsen again. But something of the first fine fervor of his earlier refusal had vanished.

Still Pete smiled. He drew his chair closer to that of the little, round man.

"Listen," he said. And, always smiling that bland and mirthless smile, he outlined to Mr. Jacobsen the reasons why he should transfer his holdings. The reasons were excellent. Mr. Jacobsen was a practical man. It is on record that he capitulated

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ginger Spreads His Hand.

IN the hotel lobby, Ginger Scullion studied the register impassively. It was a surprise, finding Pete Black leaning with Mr. Tapping. And Shorty McCabe, too. Shorty was a fine, straight-shooting boy. But then the sheriff had always put Pete Black in that same category until recent events rendered him less certain. His long, weathered face was sober as he ran over the situation.

There was Pete's sudden abandonment of his job at the Bar W the morning of Saul Atkinson's murder. There was his return to the ranch and his private conversation with the cook, which conversation the cook was extremely unwilling to have known. There was his presence on the fatal night near the spot where the geologist was killed, his curious words to Mr. Tapping that same evening and his second visit to the ranch at midnight, about the time that Mr. Heflin must have vanished. All these incidents were unpleasantly suggestive of the cowboy's guilt. There was, as well, the shooting of Charlie Squires, a shooting that had occurred shortly after a quarrel between him and Pete. It, too, had been an attempt to kill from behind. The unpleasantly suggestive brand that stamped the Atkinson case was upon it. Yet the accumulating evidence pointed more and more directly to a man whom the old sheriff would have staked his life was no coward. It was queer, thought the sheriff, scratching his sandy head, sighed, and mounted the stairs to Mr. Tapping's room.

Shorty opened the door and grinned broadly at sight of the sheriff.

"Sick your head out of the window and scream for help," he suggested. "Go ahead. I promise not to shoot you. Do, Mr. Jacobsen!"

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Shorty opened the door and grinned broadly at sight of the sheriff.

"Pete Black? You've got a caller," he said.

Pete and Mr. Tapping were sitting side by side on the edge of the bed. Several legal-looking documents were strewn over the counterpane. A large map was spread open upon their knees.

"Come in, Ginger," called Pete. "I heard you were coming down here." His tone was neither friendly nor unfriendly.

Ginger came in and shut the door behind him. He crossed the room and leaned over to look at the map. Mr. Tapping started to fold it up.

"Just a minute. Just a minute," said Ginger, putting out a restraining hand. "No hurry. That's the town of Green Lake, here where the little crossroads are, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And these are the farms around. Got the names of the owners written in, I see. Hm. Here's a large blue square pretty well out to the West; no name on it. And these crosses? What do they mean?"

"They're where I bury my dead," said Pete, pleasantly.

Ginger glanced from the map to Pete's face. After a moment's scrutiny of it, he dropped the map, hooked his toe under the rung of a straight-backed chair that stood by the window and pulled it to him. He sat down and tilted back on its rear legs till his head rested on the wall behind him.

"Explain yourself, Pete," he ordered.

"That was just a joke," put in Mr. Tapping hastily.

Pete said nothing. His blue eyes stared steadily into the sheriff's quiet gray ones. Ginger produced a cigar from his vest pocket, bit off its end, lit it, and puffed thoughtfully, watching the curling smoke soar toward the ceiling.

"I didn't expect to find you here," he said at last. "I came for a talk with Mr. Tapping. I thought he might give me some explanation for his sudden and unauthorized departure from the ranch."

"Oh, that," said Pete, easily. "I told him to do that."

The sheriff's gaze focussed upon him through the clouding smoke.

"Oh, you did!"

"Sure. I needed him down here to bid in some land I wanted."

Under the persistent gaze of the sheriff Pete crossed his knees nonchalantly, clasped his hands about the uppermost and leaned against the brass rails at the foot of the bed.

"Did he get it?" asked Ginger.

"No," said Mr. Tapping. "There was too much competition. We decided to let the stuff go."

"Temporarily," put in Pete.

"Temporarily!" asked the sheriff. His eyes ran over the legal-looking documents on the bed. His heavy eyebrows drew together and he ran his fingers thoughtfully through his shaggy sandy hair.

"I'm going to spread my hand," he told them at last. "Show you where I stand."

Pete shrugged indifferent acquiescence.

"According to my way of seeing it," Ginger began, "one of two men must have killed Saul Atkinson."

"Who's the other one?" asked Pete.

This brought grin from Shorty but the other three faces remained grave. Mr. Tapping became engrossed in a study of the documents on the bed.

"Every bit of evidence is against you, Pete," said the sheriff quietly. "Every bit. But your friend still find it hard to believe you did it. Which is the chief reason you weren't arrested some time back. Me counting myself as one of those storesaid friends. Although," he added hastily, "that won't keep me from doing my duty if it becomes necessary."

"I wouldn't expect it to," conceded Pete, graciously.

"It won't. But if you'd only make up your mind to be a little more helpful; bring your nose down out of the air and explain a few misleading matters, the question of my duty might not be troubling me so much. You have an explanation?"

"Maybe," said Pete. "Depends on the matters."

Tapping looked up from the papers he was studying.

"Tell him the whole thing, Pete," he urged.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

MARGE LEARNS MAGIC

HURRY, MARGE! IT'S SIMPLY GORGEOUS OUTSIDE TODAY—JUST LIKE SUMMER—
YES, AND I'M NOT READY FOR IT EITHER I HAVEN'T A DECENT LIGHT-WEIGHT DRESS TO MY NAME—
HERE'S THE ANSWER TO THAT DARLING—WHITE RIT TO TAKE THE COLOR OUT OF LAST YEAR'S DRESSES—AND NEW RIT TO TINT THEM THE SMARTEST NEW SHADES—
WELL, LOOK AT THAT-A BRAND NEW SUMMER MODEL WITH JUST A COUPLE OF DIPS AND SWISHES—
HONESTLY, I FEEL LIKE A NEW WOMAN! NOW TO BUY RIT IN MY FAVORITE SHADES. AND GET AT THE REST OF LAST YEAR'S DRESSES—
YES, AND YOU OUGHT TO TINT YOUR CURTAINS WITH RIT FRENCH ECRU—IT'S A DIVINE SHADE—JUST THE COLOR OF NEW CURTAINS—

ABSOLUTELY NEW!

You may have used Rit time and again . . . but this *New* Instant Rit is amazingly different. There's nothing else like it! New Rit is not a soap and requires no rubbing. It dissolves completely in 40 seconds, and leaves no particles to streak or spot. Just dip to tint . . . and perfect results are certain! Rit's 33 smart shades will *last* long like a fast dye . . for 30 washings and through 3 months' sun. Use White Rit, too. It removes all colors, even black, and takes out spots and stains from white goods almost instantly. Ask your dealer for Rit. Only 15c the package. But insist on Rit . . . don't accept harmful imitations.

RUTH: Sit down, Nell. I'm still doing the dishes
NELL: Mine were finished ages ago!
RUTH: Wish I could work so fast—
NELL: Why don't you use Lux? Those tiny, sheer diamonds work like a streak—and my dear, it's *wonderful* for your hands!
LUX for dishes
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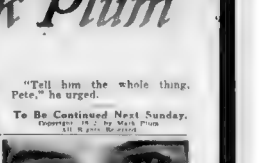

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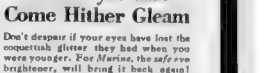

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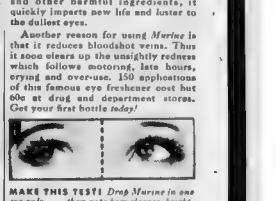

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FREEZONE

This Way To Happiness By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 16)

Suddenly she felt a strong hand slipped beneath one of her shoulders.

"You're a bit tired, aren't you?" came Noel's voice. "Lean on me. I'll get you back."

Janice leant. Not that she really needed to, but she liked the sensation of having Noel propell her swiftly and strongly through the cool green-blue water; of feeling herself close to him; carried along by him; depending upon him. Little things like this were all she would have to remember him by . . . little things that, somehow, mean so much . . .

Earlier that afternoon, further down the beach, Elsa and Lance had been lying in gaily striped deck chairs. Elsa looked cool and delightful in a silk foulard dress of blended shades of blue. The small hat that matched it was made of ribbon. It had no brim, but she kept the sun off with a flowered silk sunshade.

"Isn't that Janice over there on that raft?" Lance remarked, sitting straight in his deck chair.

Elsa shaded her amber eyes from the sun and looked in the direction he pointed. "It might be," she murmured. "Is her suit light green?"

Lance nodded. "That's young Wilburn with her." But, just as he said it, they both saw Kent spring to his feet, dive gracefully into the sea.

"That's what I ought to be able to do," Lance jerked out sharply. "At least if I'm going to be a proper mate to Janice. I ought to be with her, swimming and diving like that, instead of lying here in a deck chair with three thicknesses of wadding swathed about my neck!"

"But Lance, you've been ill," Elsa protested.

Lance smiled twistedly. "Perhaps, all considered, it's as well. I'd only be making myself ridiculous if I weren't, I'm thinking."

Suddenly he started to his feet. "Great Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Do you think the child's hurt herself?"

Elsa sprang up, too. "Oh, I hope not," she cried.

(Continued on Page 22)

They had both seen Janice slip as she had been about to dive. But, while they were still wondering what they could do, they saw Noel draw himself up onto the raft beside her. They saw him smooth back the wet hair off her forehead. A minute later they saw Janice raise herself to her elbow.

"It's all right. I don't think we need worry. Noel will look after her," Lance remarked.

His voice was restrained, yet something in his tone caused Elsa to wonder. Impulsively she stretched her hand across and touched his arm. "Their friendship doesn't worry you, does it?" she asked quietly.

He didn't answer immediately. He seemed to be turning it over in his mind. "Once it did," he admitted. "But, lately, it hasn't been worrying me so much."

"I'm sure there's nothing to it," she said, quickly. "They're both . . ." She almost said, "they're both young," but stopped herself in time. "They're both fond of swimming," she concluded lamely.

Lance smiled slowly. Her hand still lay on his arm. Now he pressed it gently. "Why didn't you say what you started to, Elsa? Surely, if you can face middle age so serenely and here where the little crossroads are, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And these are the farms around. Got the names of the owners written in, I see. Hm. Here's a large blue square pretty well out to the West; no name on it. And these crosses? What do they mean?"

"They're where I bury my dead," said Pete, pleasantly.

Ginger glanced from the map to Pete's face. After a moment's scrutiny of it, he dropped the map, hooked his toe under the rung of a straight-backed chair that stood by the window and pulled it to him. He sat down and tilted back on its rear legs till his head rested on the wall behind him.

"Explain yourself, Pete," he ordered.

"That was just a joke," put in Mr. Tapping hastily.

Pete said nothing. His blue eyes stared steadily into the sheriff's quiet gray ones. Ginger produced a cigar from his vest pocket, bit off its end, lit it, and puffed thoughtfully, watching the curling smoke soar toward the ceiling.

"I didn't expect to find you here," he said at last. "I came for a talk with Mr. Tapping. I thought he might give me some explanation for his sudden and unauthorized departure from the ranch."

"Oh, that," said Pete, easily. "I told him to do that."

The sheriff's gaze focussed upon him through the clouding smoke.

"Oh, you did!"

"Sure. I needed him down here to bid in some land I wanted."

Under the persistent gaze of the sheriff Pete crossed his knees nonchalantly, clasped his hands about the uppermost and leaned against the brass rails at the foot of the bed.

"Did he get it?" asked Ginger.

"No," said Mr. Tapping. "There was too much competition. We decided to let the stuff go."

"Temporarily," put in Pete.

"Temporarily!" asked the sheriff. His eyes ran over the legal-looking documents on the bed. His heavy eyebrows drew together and he ran his fingers thoughtfully through his shaggy sandy hair.

"I'm going to spread my hand," he told them at last. "Show you where I stand."

Pete shrugged indifferent acquiescence.

"According to my way of seeing it," Ginger began, "one of two men must have killed Saul Atkinson."

"Who's the other one?" asked Pete.

This brought grin from Shorty but the other three faces remained grave. Mr. Tapping became engrossed in a study of the documents on the bed.

"Every bit of evidence is against you, Pete," said the sheriff quietly. "Every bit. But your friend still find it hard to believe you did it. Which is the chief reason you weren't arrested some time back. Me counting myself as one of those storesaid friends. Although," he added hastily, "that won't keep me from doing my duty if it becomes necessary."

"I wouldn't expect it to," conceded Pete, graciously.

"It won't. But if you'd only make up your mind to be a little more helpful; bring your nose down out of the air and explain a few misleading matters, the question of my duty might not be troubling me so much. You have an explanation?"

"Maybe," said Pete. "Depends on the matters."

Tapping looked up from the papers he was studying.

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By a "Gunman's Moll"

(Continued from Double Page)

are always nervous when the bell rings or there is a knock on the door. It is not the police who are likely to have traced them, but it is possible at any moment that four or five speakeasy tough guys may walk in on them and beat them up or shoot them up.

Steve Sweeney discussed this situation one day and explained what their plans were if they were trapped in their flat. They were not much afraid of the "dicks," as detectives are called, and it was agreed that all guns should be dropped out of the rear window as soon as it was determined that the visitors were police. In renting a flat Sweeney always made sure that there was an alley or fire-escape or rear window opening on a back yard.

"But what if they find the guns in the alley or under a window?" I asked.

"Well, what if they do?" Steve replied. "We'll say the 'dicks' planted them there and that they were trying to frame us."

"But why do you shoot it out with the police when they interfere with you in the streets, and then let them come in here and take you like a lot of lambs?" I asked.

"They're two very different things," Sweeney explained. "Out on the street, in a jam over a 'hot' car, or in a speakeasy hold-up, the cops have the goods on you. You've got to fight it out or take it on the 'lam.' There will be too many witnesses around to testify that you were caught with a gun on you, but if they walk in here where we are sitting around all quiet and peaceful, they have nothing on us. We will tell our 'mouthpieces' (lawyers) that we were framed and the cops planted the guns under the window. No use to start shooting it out with the cops in our own hide-out—they'd get us in the long run. They'd keep calling reserves and surround the place and keep us here until they got us."

And the soundness of Sweeney's line of reasoning was shown in a spectacular way a few months later when the police closed in on "Two-Gun" Crowley and "Fat" Duringer in their hide-out in W. 90th St. Everybody remembers how they located these gunmen in their flat and surrounded the whole neighborhood with 200 or 300 cops in the streets, on the fire-escapes, on the roofs of the houses, and caught them, like rats in a hole, with machine guns and gas bombs.

So always, and at all hours, we were forever in a state of nervous worry, even in our hide-out flats. Sweeney never stayed long in one apartment—was constantly moving about and we usually had three or four different flats all rented and ready to hide in if we had reason to think we had been followed to the flat we were at the moment occupying.

Whatever the outfit were doing in the flat, some of them always sat facing the door. And this habit became so fixed that whenever we went to a speakeasy to scout around or have a drink, or even a restaurant, we tried to get a table that had a good view of the door, and two or three of the outfit always sat facing the entrance and watching intently every person who showed his head in the doorway. I acquired that habit myself, and even today when I go into a restaurant to get a bite to eat I find myself picking a table that gives a view of the entrance, and seating myself where I can watch whoever comes in.

So there was not much peace or safety even in our hide-outs. And in the daytime it was even more risky and worrisome to go out. Sweeney was especially cautious about being seen in daylight. He had been given a two-year prison sentence for burglary and was out on parole. A paroled jailbird is expected to report every little while and tell what he is doing. Steve didn't bother to do this and he knew they were looking for him.

If one of the outfit has to go out for any reason he takes a "moll" with him. People pay little attention to a man and a girl going along the street. But they never travel in the subway or street cars—always take a taxi. Nobody notices a man and woman in a cab, but three or four men in a taxi might be looked over by a policeman or a detective.

I soon found out that one of the requirements of a gunman's "moll" was to act as escort. At all times I was expected to be ready to put on my hat and coat and gloves and go along with any of the gang who wanted to go out. In polite society a lady is accompanied by a man as escort and protector. But in the underworld the gangster's "lady" goes along as escort and protective smoke-screen.

I have said that hold-up men keep out of the subway, the elevated trains and street cars. The danger is that sitting across the aisle and facing some victim, there might be an identification. Some man or woman customer of a speakeasy might think there was something familiar about the face of the young man sitting opposite, and after careful thought might recall the time and place this face had impressed itself on the victim's memory.

But there was much less danger of the gangster being recognized if he passed a victim on the street, where there was time only for a glance at his features. And even if a victim had some notion that he had seen that person before, he might hesitate if he saw a rather nice looking girl merrily chatting with the man.

So it has become the custom of gangsters to associate some rather good-looking, well-dressed young woman with their outfit, to act not only as "Bright Eyes," but to disarm suspicion in their travels about town. Even the police are fooled by this, although they all know that the gangster usually travels with his "moll." A man, even a policeman, hesitates to clap his hand on the shoulder of a young man who is walking with a nice looking girl. If the cop has made a mistake, he has made a bad one, to grab an innocent man and talk to him about a hold-up, or feel him over for a gun in the presence of the girl he is about to marry. He might take a chance if the man was alone or two or three men were together, but he would think twice if there was an innocent-looking girl along.

The "moll" is not expected to take a hand in a "stick-up" or usually even to be present in the place. The gunmen have their hands full taking care of the situation, and they do not want a woman to look after. She is of more value outside the place sitting in the get-away car. Sometimes the stick-up men take a girl along into the speakie to remove suspicion, but she is always given time to get out before they begin action.

Nobody can ever tell what's going to happen when shooting begins in a hold-up. Take the case of that Lexington Avenue night club, run by a man named Paul Goldstein. It was early in the evening, just after 8 o'clock, when a hold-up gang walked in and began their business. About three minutes later two other men walked in, who turned out to be Detective Scheuing and Detective Pape. When they saw what they had run into, one of the detectives said, "Let them have it," and the shooting began.

Detective Scheuing dropped with a bullet in his heart, and one of the bandits was killed by Detective Pape. The other hold-up man got away.

Now it is no joke to get mixed up in the killing of a police officer. An ordinary citizen may be laid out with a pistol bullet, but if a cop is killed they never rest until somebody goes to the electric chair, or at least gets a life term in Sing Sing.

So the police rounded up everybody in the restaurant and locked up the most promising looking ones as material witnesses, whether they knew anything about who had done the shooting or not. And so it was that two girls named Clayton, who were in that place that night, were gathered in, and before long the police clapped their hands on a man named Harry Cashin, and decided that he was the missing gangster who got away when the other hold-up man and the detective were killed.

Gladys Clayton was put on the witness stand at the trial, and pointed out Cashin as the man who shot Detective Scheuing. This was about the only direct, positive evidence, and conviction, of course, meant the electric chair. Cashin was convicted and sentenced to the chair. And then a queer thing happened.

The other Clayton girl, whose first name is June, but is not related to Gladys Clayton, turned up and told Cashin's lawyers that their client was not the bandit that shot the detective. Efforts were at once begun to get a new trial for Cashin.

Why did Gladys point out Cashin as the bandit who escaped? Well, June and others gave the explanation. The police pestered the girl night and day, and finally locked her up as an important witness, and day after day kept telling her she would never get out until she identified Cashin as the gunman. So this continual pressure finally broke her down, and when the case came to trial Gladys went into court and said the prisoner was the bandit who had run away.

I speak of the case of the Clayton girl because it shows how anybody can be grabbed and locked up as an "important witness" and hounded until she agrees to give the testimony that is wanted. Would any girl want to be mixed up in hold-up shootings, especially when a policeman happens to be killed? Sweeney was too considerate of me to let me be present when any shooting was likely to start —but, nevertheless, I was present more than once when suddenly and unexpectedly pistols began to bark.

No crook ever knows when he is going to be recognized and grabbed. The safest way is to keep out of sight in the daytime, and be careful where he goes on brightly lighted streets or public places at night. But, even if he tries to take every precaution, he still may be caught. A curious case of this kind occurred

(Continued on Page 23)

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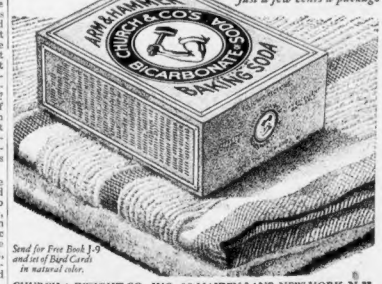

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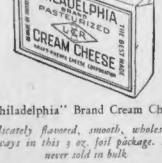

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Pineapples Are at Their Best

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

It is not difficult to understand why the pineapple was so named, although it grows from the center of a low bush or shrub, and not from a tree. Pineapples were originally natives of South America, but they have long been grown in other tropical climes, notably Cuba, the West Indies, Florida, and Hawaii.

It takes from 18 to 24 months to grow the first "pine" and generally the plant is not allowed to develop more than three successive fruits, because later ones are smaller and much less flavorful. The pineapple as we know it, is botanically speaking, a giant or multiple berry—each of the familiar eyes having a small purplish flower, which drops and after which the many berries so swell and grow together that it becomes a single fruit.

A juicy good fruit is not difficult to recognize: First, pull a spiny leaf from the direct center of the bush on top of the fruit. If this leaf pulls out easily, then the pine may be taken as mature and ripened. In most northern markets there are only two main varieties: the field pine, which is small, hard and reddish, and generally sold at a low price—and which is not an economical buy unless exceedingly cheap; and the garden pine, which is larger, greener or slightly yellowish, and worth more, even at a higher cost. Test selecting that pine whose smoothest surfaces look yellowish. If the pine does not seem perfectly ripe, wrap in thick papers and leave in a room or place where the temperature averages around 65 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

As has been said, a cheap pine, small and hard, is dear at any price because it requires so much time to pare, and because it has so much waste. But the month of May brings to markets an abundance of better quality fruit, and it is then worthwhile for the housewife seriously to consider utilizing it in quantity, either for the Spring menu, or for later use in canned form, as conserve or relish.

What nutritive value has this tropical but universally accepted fruit? Like the orange, the lemon and the grapefruit, it has considerable citric acid, and also a kind of natural pepsin, or digestive juice, which seems to increase the flow of human gastric juice. Thus it stimulates digestion but should always follow a meal, and not precede it, otherwise it may prove a little irritating to the delicate stomach membranes. Again the flavor or the perfume of the pineapple is in itself a tonic and almost an appetizer, and as such may be used with great refreshment in Summer beverages and dishes.

In its native ripening, the fruit becomes much more luscious than is usually found in the fruit picked green for export and ripened off the plant. However, cooking or treatment with heat lessens the acid very considerably and heightens the flavor, especially when sugar is used in the cooking. Combination with butter or light oils too, improves flavor, and the average housewife has much to learn from the Oriental who fries slices of pineapple with his chicken, who adds it to his shrimps, his pork dishes and candies it deliciously.

There are more ways than one in which to clean or pare this honeycombed fruit. The usual method is to pare the entire outside—holding by the brush—and then to dig out the eyes separately with a sharp knife. Here the use of a good pair of pineapple shears or snips will be found an advantage—for it enables one to snip out each eye without too much waste of fruit. Next, instead of cutting the fruit into crosswise slices, try setting it up straight, and very pulling off or tearing away from its core, chunks small or large, leaving the stripped core in the center. Another plan after thorough washing is to leave the skin on and to separate each honeycomb from the center, by a violent tug. This results in many small angled cubes of fruit, which then may be dipped in powdered sugar.

For the hostess with a flair for decorative dishes, nothing is more attractive than a salad or frozen dessert served in the scooped out shells. Slice the fruit from top to bottom evenly in half, leaving on the brush also cut in half, then scoop out all the fruit. Lay these two shells sideways, the brush pointing in opposite directions; heap shells with mixture and garnish with strips of pimiento, whole cherries, in each square, etc.

The parings of the fruit may be saved for either a beverage or vinegar. A West Indian maid once showed the author how to soak the parings with sugar and lemon rind, then strain, add carbonated water and serve over ice cubes. Parings and water mixed in a stone crock will develop a most fragrant and delightful salad vinegar.

The pineapple itself contains about 25 per cent of fruit sugar, so that it is not necessary to add cane sugar. Indeed, the real epicure eats pineapple with salt, or with other acid juice, or better, a light sugar syrup. When making desserts, beverages, etc., of the fresh fruit, let it stand first in tepid water overnight, to extract much of the hidden flavor, and then add sugar. In making all creams and gelatin dishes, always remember to first scald the fresh juice before adding to gelatin, otherwise the gelatin will be so affected by the pepsin of the pineapple that it will not properly solidify or set. It should be scalded, too, when blended with milk, or it may cause the latter to curdle.

The housewife who likes fancy salads, will be glad to put up her own finger strips of pineapple cut like a small bar, from the top to the bottom of the fruit, for use with cheese spreads, and in sandwich uses. Small cubes are easy to cut, and pack and can well, leaving the poorer portions for juices, beverages, etc. One of the newer vegetable shredders is just the thing to make lattice pineapple strips, for preparation of marmalades and conserves.

Here are some unusual pineapple treats:

Pineapple-Cucumber Jelly: 1 cup scalded pineapple juice, 2 teaspoons vinegar, and enough orange juice to make a total of 2½ cups liquid. Soak 2 tablespoons granulated gelatin in ¼ cup cold water, then dissolve over hot water. Add to fruit juices. Cube 2 cucumbers into neat dice, and allow 2 cups of pineapple cut into match strips. Pour over gelatin and set to chill in fancy mold. Unmold and serve with whipped cream mayonnaise, sprinkling chopped pistache nuts over each portion. (Delightful as a bridge salad).

Pineapple Princess Dessert: Soak 2 tablespoons granulated gelatin in ¼ cup cold milk. Heat 2 cups additional milk in double boiler and dissolve gelatin in it. Add 1 cup sugar, 2½ cups fresh pineapple, scalded and diced fine, the well beaten yolks of 6 eggs, pinch salt. Keep beating mixture until eggs coat the spoon and become firm. Remove from fire, cool, then whip until mixture begins to stiffen. Pour into empty pineapple shells and set in refrigerator to chill. Serve with whipped cream garnished with whole maraschino cherries and sprinkled macaroon crumbs.

Picnic Punch: 2 cups crushed pineapple and syrup, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup lemon juice, 4 cups grape or loganberry juice. Mix well, after icing thoroughly. Just before serving add any charged water and serve at once. (This may be kept well in a thermos jar with a few ice cubes).

Pinapple Mint Ring: Use fresh pineapple simmered in a thick syrup, cutting the fruit in small rings. Make any mint gelatin, and shape in small individual fancy molds. To serve, place a lettuce leaf on individual plate and lay ring in center. Arrange inverted jelly on ring and pour over French dressing to which has been added a portion of snappy or Rouqufort cheese.

Pineapple Banana Meat Relish: Peel bananas and cut in half and then in quarters. Slice pineapple thickly. Saute in butter on both sides. Serve in alternate ring around steak, chops or ham platter. Or use the pineapple cut in strips with any steak grill.

This Way To Happiness By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 20)

happily, I'd be a fool to go on jibbing at it as I do!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

Wanda Tries Intrigue.

At last, Olive Devorn had discovered the name of a specialist who resided not in Paris or Berlin, but in Marseilles.

"We'll hire an auto and drive Lance over to see him immediately," she told Elsa. "We'll be gone overnight, but it will be a nice drive. Plenty of room for the four of us in an open car."

Lance wasn't very amenable to the suggestion at first. In fact, he protested until Elsa whispered, "Do give in, Lance. You've no idea what fun Olive will get through making the arrangements!"

Lance considered it, his hands thrust in his pockets. He was leaning against the glass doors that led out onto the balcony. "Are you going, Elsa?" he asked presently.

"You bet," she smiled. "I hear they have the world's largest oysters in Marseilles. And I adore oysters."

"Far be it from me, then, to interfere with your natural gluttony," he smiled back at her.

Olive asked what was to prevent them starting that very morning. Since Lance raised no objections, she bustled below to have a picnic basket packed and to hire a car. The basket was to contain lunch for four. The car, also, was engaged for four. But, as it happened, only three of them went.

While Olive was making the arrangements and Elsa getting ready, Lance went in search of Janice. He found her in her room sorting through a drawer of silk stockings—sheer, wispy things of all colors, that looked as though fairies had woven them. They spilt all over her lap like a bunch of gay streamers. She was curled up on the chaise longue and her brown head was bent. The morning sunlight touched her hair, lighting it.

Hearing Lance come in, she looked up with a warm smile. "I thought when you were rich you didn't have to worry about runs," she laughed. "But now I find it's much worse. So many more stockings to get runs in!"

Lance smiled too, but half heartedly. There was something on his mind. He propped himself against the bureau, lit a cigarette. "Olive's taking me over to some fool specialist in Marseilles," he remarked. "We're starting shortly, I believe, and will be gone over night."

"Oh, Lance, I do hope he does you good," Janice cried quickly. "I'd better ring through and put off the beauty parlor appointment I made for this afternoon."

Lance flicked the ash off his cigarette onto the carpet. He crushed it with his heel. "I wouldn't worry putting it off, Janice," he said quietly. "I don't fancy the trip would amuse you much. Dull, you know, hanging around a specialist's consulting rooms. If I were you I'd wait here...I'm sure you'll find it more entertaining."

Janice stared at him. She felt bewildered, even hurt. Surely if Lance were going over to consult a specialist it was right that she, his wife, should be with him?

"But I'd...I'd like to go. Don't you want me to go, Lance?" she stammered.

He looked down at his feet. "Of course, it's up to you, dear. I didn't think you'd find it very exciting, that's all."

But, by his tone, she sensed strongly he didn't want her to go. Her sense of hurt increased.

Daily Lance and she seemed to be growing further apart. Why? Was it because of Noel?

"I've got to show him Noel doesn't care for me at all," she thought desperately. "And, I've got to convince Noel himself he doesn't either! I thought I had yesterday, but he wouldn't believe me... But I've got to make him believe me. Otherwise there's no chance of Lance and me ever being happy. And I owe him so much. Everything. He's got to be happy." She felt quite fierce about it. All the same she murmured quietly:

"If you think I'd better stay here..."

Lance pounced on it eagerly. "I do think it might be better, dear. Olive and Elsa are going." He smiled. "Three women, I feel, would be almost too much!"

He kissed her, before he left. But there was little warmth in his kiss. Janice's sense of hurt increased. She thought, "I feel like a naughty child being punished for something."

She stood on the balcony, in the bright sunlight, waving as the auto started off from the hotel, Olive in the front seat with the chauffeur, Lance and Elsa behind. Lance glanced up once and waved his hat to her. But only once.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Around Four O'clock

A cup of delicious SALADA, with some thin bread and butter or biscuits makes a delightful break.

"SALADA" TEA

"Fresh from the Gardens"

334

Tattoo Artists Find Trade Is Brisk

Tattooing, one of the oldest of human customs, borrowed from primitives who decorated their bodies in defense of angry gods, or to terrorize their enemies, is an "art" that is today as popular as ever, and one of the few businesses untouched by the depression. It seems that, although they may be short of cash, the urge of those who wish to have their arms, legs, chests and backs picturized manage to scrape up the money for the artist. Thus the urge seems unconquerable.

Authority for the statement that tattooing thrives regardless of hard times comes from E. W. (Dad) Liberty, of Boston, who is perhaps the dean of tattoo artists in America, who holds forth in a section of a bootblack parlor, and has among his patrons men from all corners of the earth. At the outset of the depression, according to the veteran, business fell off ten per cent, but it has recovered, and is flourishing now as it did in the good old days. It seems that the clients of the tattooers are nowadays going in for "big jobs" rather than the ordinary one-piece designs without which no wanderer of the seas considers himself worthy of the name of sailor.

One client of the Bostonian recently had completed a set of pictures on his back which brought the total of his tattoo markings up to 721. One job alone has been in progress for two years. It is a likeness of the Madonna and Child, copied from a famous painting. The picture covers the entire back of the patron.

Mere pictures however, do not constitute the principal work of tattooers. Frequently they get their best prices for improving the looks of subjects. There are scores of cases recorded in Dad's books last year where he inked eyebrows on women who were only sparsely provided for by Nature.

There are other cases where bald people have a semblance of hair needled into their scalps. One of these cases was that of a college professor. The man's hair had been destroyed by a chemical explosion. Beauty spots are popular, and then there is another angle to the tattooing business in this connection that brings double profits to the artist. Hundreds of people once tattooed suffer regrets, and wish to have the pictures or beauty spots removed. And they return to the tattooers, who reverse their technique, and needle out the ink, or cover it with tints that neutralize the designs.

LET THE TWINS DO THE WORK

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THAT'S WHERE GOLD DUST AND THIS DISH MOP COME IN HANDY
WITH THIS MOP AND GOLD DUST YOU CAN KEEP YOUR HANDS OUT OF THE DISHWATER
SEE HOW QUICK AND EASY IT IS?
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THIS DISH MOP is not for sale. You would have trouble buying it anywhere. But we will send it to you for the top of a Gold Dust package and 4¢ to cover mailing. It is a sturdy, sanitary mop of special construction. To get it, use the coupon below. A. W. 5-8-32.
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State
I enclose 4¢ and the top of a Gold Dust box. Please send me the dish mop.
GOLD DUST
HERB JOHNSON

GOLD DUST FOR DIRTY DIRT →

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A powerful new auto headlight device which doubles the light on the road, cuts through fog and oncoming lights, yet is so non-glaring to cars approaching that lights seem dimmed, is being offered on 10 days trial by Z-Ray Co., 506 Balcony Bldg., Kansas City, Mo. This powerful concentrated light thrown 300 yards to ¼ mile ahead makes the road as bright as day, makes speedy night driving safe, a pleasure. Not a pointed bulb, yet anyone can easily install and it costs little. The manufacturer wants agents, distributors, has a wonderful money-making opportunity, and is making a no-cost sample offer. Write them today.

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CAN YOU NAME the largest family in the world? It is the group of people who regularly read The American Weekly magazine—5,500,000 families—nearly twice the number of people that read the next largest magazine.

Economical Banana Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Banana Griddle Cakes.

MIX and sift 3 cups flour, 4½ teaspoons baking powder, ¼ cup sugar, and 1 teaspoon salt. Beat 1 egg until light, add 2 cups milk, and stir gradually into the dry ingredients. Add ¼ cup melted shortening and 1½ cups sliced bananas and mix thoroughly. Drop from tip of spoon on a hot griddle. Cook on one side until full of bubbles. Turn and cook on the other side. Serve with butter, honey, syrup and favorite fruit conserve.

Delicate Banana Cake.

CREAM ½ cup butter, add 1½ cups sifted sugar gradually. Beat in 2 beaten eggs. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ¾ teaspoon soda and ½ teaspoon salt. Add to first mixture alternately with ¼ cup sour milk and 1 cup of banana pulp, pressed through potato ricer. Add a few drops flavoring. Turn into buttered and floured layer cake pans and bake about ½ hour in a moderate oven, or at about 375 degrees. When cakes are cold put together with whipped cream and sliced bananas. Allow about 1 cup of cream and 2 or 3 ripe bananas for the filling, and sweeten to taste.

Banana and Apricot Tarts.

BAKE individual pastry shells. Fill with sliced bananas. Have ready apricot glaze prepared as directed. Pour over the bananas. Cool and serve with or without whipped cream.

French Toast with Bananas.

BEAT 1 egg slightly, add ¾ cup milk, 1 teaspoon sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Dip six or eight slices of bread in this mixture and fry until golden brown in butter or in deep fat. Drain quickly. Slice ripe bananas and pile lightly on each piece of toast. Dot with currant jelly and serve immediately.

Banana and Cabbage Salad.

FINELY chop or shred hard white cabbage. Mix lightly with ½ cup well-seasoned mayonnaise. Arrange in border mold, taking care not to pack. Turn out on salad platter, fill center with diced bananas sprinkled with orange juice and garnish with narrow strips of pimiento and celery curls. Serve with mayonnaise.

Banana Gingerbread.

CREAM 3 tablespoons butter or lard, add ½ cup sugar gradually and then beat in 1 egg and ½ cup molasses. Mix and sift 1⅞ cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon ginger and ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Add to first mixture. Beat well. Then add cup boiling water and beat vigorously. Turn into two greased and floured pans. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 375 degrees. Cool, put together with sliced ripe bananas and cover with whipped sweetened cream. Garnish with sliced bananas.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit.	Stewed	Prunes.	Fruit. Omelet.	Canned or	Fruit.	Fruit.
Oatmeal.	Rhubarb.	Hot Cereal.	Muffins.	Fresh Berries.	Scrambled	Hot Cereal.
Baked Bacon.	Creamed	Soft Cooked	Coffee.	Hot Cereal.	Eggs.	Toast.
Hot Cross	Dried Beef.	Eggs.	*Luncheon*	Baked Bacon.	Tea Rolls.	Coffee.
Buns.	Graham	Graham	Vegetable	Potato	Coffee.	*Dinner*
Toast.	Toast.	Fruit Muffins.	Chowder or	Biscuits.	*Luncheon*	*(Prepared on*
Coffee.	Coffee.	Coffee.	Italian	Coffee.	Baked Bean	*Saturday)*
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	Spaghetti.	*Luncheon*	Souffle	Baked Ham
Poached	Cheese	Tomato	Corn Bread	Crab	Garnished	(Thick Slice).
Eggs with	Fondue or	Soup.	Sticks.	Flake Salad.	with Beans	Reheated
Mushroom	Baked	Croutons.	Lettuce and	Hot Baking	and Sausage	Candied
Sauce.	Macaroni.	Waldorf	Stuffed	Powder	Balls.	Potatoes.
Hot Biscuits.	Favorite	Salad.	Cucumber	Rolls.	Rolls.	Spinach
Cabbage	Green	Hermits.	Cups.	Celery Hearts.	Relish.	au Gratin
and Radish	Salad.	Tea.	Dressing.	Apple Tarts.	Lettuce.	(Reheated).
Salad.	Raisin	*Dinner*	Date Bars.	Coffee.	Tomato and	Favorite
Tea.	Doughnuts.	Assorted	Tea.	*Dinner*	Mayonnaise.	Sunday Salad.
Dinner	Tea.	Canapes	*Dinner*	Baked	Dried Apricot	Icebox
(Company)	*Dinner*	(Left-Overs).	Curried	Stuffed	Trifle.	Pudding.
Tomato	Fruit	Roast	Left-Over	Fish.	*Dinner*	Coffee.
Cocktail.	Cocktail.	Veal with	Veal with	Potatoes	Broiled Steak	*Supper*
Roast Duck.	Smothered	Browned	Steamed	or Noodles.	or Casselton	Tomato and
Nut and	Left-Over	Potatoes.	Paprika Rice.	Turnips	of Beef.	Graham
Potato	Duck.	Buttered	Peas and	With	Brown Gravy.	Bread
Stuffing.	Hominy	String Beans.	Diced Carrots.	Sour Sauce.	Potatoes.	Sandwiches.
Buttered	Croquettes.	Jellied	Banana Fritters	Tomato and	Beets.	Prune Pulp
Cauliflower.	Sour	Orange	with	Cucumber	Radishes.	and Graham
French	Cabbage	Salad.	Currant Jelly.	Salad.	Chives and	Bread
Green Peas.	(Polish or	Cheese	Shredded	Angel Cake	Lettuce.	Sandwiches.
Banana and	German	Wafers.	Lettuce Salad.	and	French	Hermits or
Whipped	Style).	Half	French	Pineapple	Dressing.	Date Bars.
Cream	Chocolate	Cups	Dressing.	Sponge	Ice Cream.	Hot Milk
Gingerbread.	Bavarian.	Coffee.	Fruit Tapioca.	(Party Style).	Wafers.	Shake.

American Weekly Patterns

A CHARMING EVENING FROCK (7256). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 5¼ yards of 36-inch material if made with bertha. Without bertha, 4 yards will be required. The sash of ribbon will require 2¼ yards.

A POPULAR AND SEASONABLE ENSEMBLE (7539). Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20, with corresponding bust measure 34 36 and 38. Size 18 will require 3 yards of plain 35-inch material and 1¾ yards of plaid or other 35-inch material.

A PRETTY SUMMER DRESS (7537). Designed in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 4 yards of 39-inch plain material and ⅝ yard of contrasting figured or other material for collar and crush belt.

A DAINTY FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL (7557). Designed in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2 and 3 years. Size 2 will require 1½ yards of 39-inch material. The collar of contrasting material will require ¼ yard 12 inches wide.

AN UP-TO-DATE, SEASONABLE STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL (7549). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 2¾ yards of material for bolero and skirt and 1¼ yards for the guimpe in 35-inch material. For trimming on the guimpe, 1 yard of ruching or plaiting is required.

BOY'S SUIT (7558). Designed in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires ⅓ yard of 54-inch material.

GIRL'S DRESS (7464). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size requires 2 yards of 32-inch material. To trim with rosettes and lace edging will require 16¾ yards.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 25 cents in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES), to

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Send 10 cents in coin for our SUMMER BOOK OF FASHIONS, containing designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also Hints to the Home Dressmaker.

By a "Gunman's Moll"

(Continued from Page 21)

when Ferdinand d'Acunto was unexpectedly snapped up.

The proprietor of the Cave Restaurant, on Third Avenue, was sitting in court attending the trial of Corbellini and Cozzi for sticking up his establishment. This was another case where a policeman was killed during the shooting. When court adjourned for the day, the proprietor of the restaurant was passing out with the crowd when he met Detective Hogan, who had rounded up the two prisoners on trial for the hold-up.

"It's too bad you can't help me on my other stick-up," said the restaurant man, and proceeded to tell Hogan how three men had held up his delicatessen store on Lexington Avenue.

"Why, there's one of them now!" the man suddenly shouted, and pointed to a small, pale youth, who heard him and ran downstairs. Hogan captured him near the main door on the first floor of the courts building.

The youth said he was Ferdinand d'Acunto, whose trial for chicken market hold-ups had just been adjourned. He was lodged in the Tombs charged with the robbery of the delicatessen shop.

If d'Acunto had stayed in his room he would not have been seen, identified and caught. But he had to go to court when his chicken market hold-up case was called. That, of course, he couldn't help. And then he made the mistake of staying around to see what was going to happen to the two men on trial for the Cave Restaurant stick-up.

That Cave Restaurant hold-up was a curious case, and illustrates what I often told Steve Sweeney, that you never can foresee what is going to happen.

It was about 1 o'clock in the morning when the head waiter of the dine-and-dance place escorted three well-dressed young men and a flashily dressed blonde to a table in the center of the restaurant's back room.

The girl was, of course, a "gun moll"—a "Bright Eyes"—and her escorts were gangsters, although no one in the place suspected that until the blonde rose from the table and walked to the front door, which was the signal for the three men to do their stuff the moment she nodded that the coast was clear—no policemen was in sight.

With her nod, two of the men stood up, covering the surprised diners with automatics. The third man quietly announced that the place was being held up, and ordered everyone to put up his hands and line up against the wall.

The breaks were against this gang of thugs that night, for a plainclothes patrolman, named Bernard Sherry, seeing the flashy blonde standing in the restaurant doorway, stopped to ask her a few questions. He thought it was odd to see that girl standing there, and when he talked to her she acted very nervous. Just then, through a curtain, he caught sight of the gunmen at work inside.

He drew his gun and rushed into the place. Shooting began instantly, and, when it was all over, one gangster lay dead, the policeman and another of the thugs were groaning with serious wounds, and the third gunman and the blonde were nowhere to be seen.

The policeman died a few days later. The escaped gunman was promptly tracked down and arrested. He confessed his part in the hold-up, but, under the code of the underworld, refused to tell the name of the blonde or give the police any clue to her whereabouts.

I mentioned the killing of Vivian Gordon, who was not a "gun moll" but did a good deal of underworld work on her own account. Of course, everybody remembers what a fuss there was in the newspapers when her body was found in Van Cortlandt Park. This killing occurred while four girls and myself were in jail in Mineola, Long Island, held there in connection with the killing of Steve Sweeney. We were mixed up with gangsters, and the fate of Vivian Gordon interested us intensely.

Vivian was not only very pretty, but she had brains. She worked with blackmailers, and also worked alone. She kept a richly furnished flat where she lured men of money. She dressed well, wore jewelry, and hung around hotels and places where she had a chance to meet wealthy men. In this way she got herself tangled up with some influential politicians and officials, and about twenty rich "playboys" of all ages.

Vivian shook down these admirers for good big sums of money, but her underworld pals got most of it away from her in one way or another. She began to resent the way she herself was being shaken down, but she was in no position to take her underworld friends for a ride. She decided to get even with them by telling the Seabury Investigating Committee.

But before Vivian could keep the appointment to furnish the facts the investigators were hungry to hear, it leaked out that she was going to "squeal." That very night she was taken to the park, strangled and dumped in the bushes. What can a girl do who is marked for death by her gunman associates!

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

3 timely Confessions

1
"We're poor folks now. And I'm learning new ways to save. Baking in Pyrex Ware, for instance. Actually takes just about half the time . . . and half the gas that my old-style utensils use. My gas bills prove it's true!"
2
"Dinner was always late—and Tom was cross! But now I've 'discovered' Pyrex Ware. It has the food done to a turn while my other baking ware would still need 20 minutes more . . . and it's made a special difference in our meals!"
3
"I here dating dishes! That's one reason why I adore Pyrex Ware . . . the same dish cooks the food and eats my dishes—it means almost nothing."

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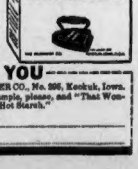

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